I. R. NEWSPAPER REG.

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News of the Week, Music and the Drama, Fashions, Novellettes, &c.

No. 5.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

PRINCESS HELENA.

THE British Throne is the glory of England, and the members of the Royal household are very dear to the great heart of the nation. Nor is this to be attributed to the proverbial love of the English for Royalty. Whatever influence that may have in the matter—and we will not venture to dispute such influence—there can be no doubt that the conduct of Royalty itself has been, and is, the mainspring. How beautiful and peaceful and happy the picture presented by the Royal household now contrasted with the Throne of bygone days, and many foreign Courts at the present time! Where, a few centuries ago, could be found a Reigning Family that could be held up as a pattern of the domestic virtues and bright conjugal happiness? Our Queen shines conspicuously in these relations. She has nobly shown how a Sovereign should rule—rule her household in tenderness and purity, and her subjects in love; while the name of her honoured partner, the late lamented Prince Consort—"Albert the Good"—will live, as long as memory holds its place, in the affections of the nation. It is encouraging to know, too, that the children reflect the character of their Royal parents, growing up to make music in the heart and home where sorrow has pressed with a heavy hand.

Princess Helena Augustus Victoria is the fifth child and third daughter of our beloved Queen. She was born on the 25th of May, 1846, and is therefore in her 21st year. She has ever held a foremost place alike in the affections of her family and the British people. A beautiful illustration of this was given some months ago, when it was mentioned in Parliament by one of Her Majesty's Ministers that our widowed Queen had experienced, in the tender and dutiful attentions of this daughter, one of the greatest sources of consolation during the heavy trials of her bereavement.

It was with no ordinary interest, therefore, that the announcement of Princess Helena's approaching marriage was received in the early part of this year, and when preliminaries were actually settled and the auspicious hour drew near, the daughters of England were not slow to testify their esteem and sympathy. A few days preceding the marriage, a deputation of ladies waited upon Her Royal Highness at Windsor Castle, to present a Bible and an address. The presentation was from "many daughters of the United Kingdom," and the number of subscribers is said to have exceeded 8,000. England, as was right, supplied the largest portion; next, strangely enough, came Ireland, followed by Scotland; then Wales, and finally India, Italy, New York, and even Constantinople.

The Princess, in accepting the gift, gave the following reply:—"Accept my warmest thanks for your beautiful present. It is most valuable to me in itself, but it is rendered still more so by the kind words with which you have accompanied it, and by the proof thus given that you, daughters, like myself, of our dear England, can appreciate the feelings which bind me to my native land and to my beloved mother, and can sympathise with the joy that fills my heart to think that it will still be my happiness to live amongst you."

The marriage ceremony took place in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, which had been elegantly fitted up for the occasion, on Thursday, July the 5th, of the present year, in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians, the members of the English Royal Family, and a select company of the aristocracy. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Winchester, and the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, took part in the ceremony. Her Majesty—who was dressed in black, relieved with silver trimmings, and who wore a coronet—gave the Princess away. After the ceremony, the Princess, who appeared nearly moved to tears, turned round and affectionately embraced her mother.

The husband of Princess Helena, Prince Frederick Christian Charles Augustus, is a younger son of the late Duke Christian Charles Frederick Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein (who ceded his duchy to Denmark), and brother to Prince Frederick Christian Augustus, the eldest son, whose claims to the sovereignty of that duchy, as against the King of Denmark, were made the pretext of the late war on the part of the German Powers. Prince Christian, as the younger son is usually called, was born on the 22nd of January, 1831, his mother being Louisa Sophia, Countess of Danieskiold-Samsoe, a Danish lady, married, in 1820, to the late Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. The full name of the paternal family is Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, and its lineage is collateral with that of the reigning families of Denmark and Russia. Prince Christian held, previously to his marriage, a captaincy in the 3rd Regiment of Prussian Uhlans of the Guard; and by the express order of the Queen the Prince had the title of Royal Highness conferred upon him, and was made a Major-General in the British army.

Frogmore House was made their home—a mansion intimately associated with Royalty, for it was long the residence of the amiable Queen Adelaide. Frogmore is easily accessible from Windsor Castle.

We regret that Prince Christian has not been over and above popular in England since his arrival; though we do not see any definite reason for this. It is true certain sinister rumours concerning him have gained currency, more or less, but there does not appear to be any grounds for them. On his coming to England he was well received, and he has done nothing, so far as we know, to forfeit the good esteem that was accorded him.

It must be a matter of satisfaction to their Royal mother to see her children one by one, as they advance in years, thus happily settled in life. Her own marriage was pre-eminently a union of hearts; affection alone prompted it, and after years demonstrated how wise and felicitous was the choice. Her own example seems, happily, to have been followed, too, up to this time, by the members of her family. The influence of this silent teaching cannot, we feel sure, have been lost upon the British people. In this hard, cold phantasmagoria world, where hearts are so often bartered for gold or position, and expediency is pleaded for one knows not what of wrong, it is pleasing to have so worthy an exemplar at the helm of national affairs. Deeds tell more than words; and Englishmen, with all their faults, are not slow to recognise and admire, sometimes to follow, in the teeth of custom and sordid interests, what is pure and noble and just when placed before them in the practical teaching of a well-spent life.

We would not let the opportunity pass without referring briefly to what seems to us the harsh manner in which certain English newspapers have commented on the retirement sought by the Queen since the death of the Prince Consort. Genuine sorrow is a holy thing, not to be lightly spoken of or guaged as one would guage a mere business matter. We think Her Majesty has evinced her true womanhood and depth of feeling by her conduct, and will be none the less dear because of it to her people.

In conclusion, we shall be but expressing the heart-felt desire of the whole British people, if we express a hope that the Royal pair, so happily united, may long be spared to enjoy the large measure of blessing that Providence has bestowed upon them.

PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS HELENA.

Between Two Fires.

By Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen.
Author of "Raised to the Peerage," "Heroines of History," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IX.

PROGRESS.

Jeremy Chance's first visit to Berkeley-square, recorded in our last chapter, was by no means the only one. His appearance on that evening was certainly not prepossessing. Although the stubble of his eyebrows had begun to sprout, he had been obliged to shave off the remaining whiskers for the sake of uniformity, and the result was a facial plain, the colour of mottled soap. From that extreme sensitiveness which we suppose, is inseparable from all true love-making, Jeremy surmised there was another Richmond in the field, and he immediately in his mind's eye selected the tall footman as his rival, and the five-foot-four hated the six-foot-two, accordingly.

Annette had been certainly not a little teazed by the exclusive flunkies, especially by the "*pretendu*," for her smiles, who now looked down from his altitude upon Chance with a patronizing air, which drove the latter frantic. But opposition is the zest of love to woman, and it decided the wilful Netty in countenancing her clerkly swain, so that he often had the honour of taking her for a Sunday walk. Mary Moggs had buried her friendship and jealousies in a country "situation," where her only chance of a flirtation was with the agricultural mind, as it is seen walking about with stolid features, in a smock frock, lounging over gate posts with a straw in its mouth, and watching a pig making circumflexes with its tail, as the highest subject of contemplation. The exchange from London had been terrible to Mary at first, but by the harmonizing effects of a parish choir originated for the delectation of countrymen and maidens, and where each could be thoroughly independent and follow his own key-note *ad libitum*, she "accepted the situation" as diplomatists say, and probably, in the strictest sense, came down into the ruck of married bucolic life. Meanwhile her mother, who liked Netty, often made little parties, and chaperoned the girl in her humble way, since even ladies' maids require such luxuries, when the clerk made one of the trio.

"My dear," Mrs. Moggs would say, it is necessary young people should be seen about with older ones, "to lend," as my late master observed, "respectability to the transaction;" whereupon Netty would pout and reply, Mr. Chance was "old and ugly enough to be quite sufficient answer to anyone who made up stories about them."

"I wouldn't be married to him, no, not for a necklace of diamonds as big as my lady's! But it's all that under-housemaid, who's as jealous as a cat, and will have it I keep company with him; so I just go on, to put her on the wrong scent.

As for Jeremy, times had changed with him a little, as also with his master. The latter had gone to the bar, and having well conducted two or three important cases, was getting into practice which promised future eminence. The very profession, a branch of which he had, of old, so bitterly repudiated, he appeared now to be absorbed in, body and mind. He lived in the simplest manner, scarcely allowing himself sleep; no business was too trivial; and when he ran his eye over a brief it generally happened, however desperate the case, it was taken up in such a masterly manner, that success to his client was the result.

These changes naturally produced others, in which Chance participated. During the absence of the Arncliffe family from town, at intervals he was able to air the self-importance which had grown upon him since his acquaintance with Annette, upon a couple of additional clerks whom the necessities of the practice obliged Mr. Fortescue to retain. The latter had always been a liberal man, though prudence had of late appeared to acquire power over him. Now, however, as formerly, he was particularly reticent, and his increasing taciturnity whetted to greater sharpness, the desire of Jeremy to ascertain the real bearing of any subject, his principal seemed disposed to conceal.

There were three things especially, which awoke his indomitable spirit of inquisitiveness. One was why Mr. Fortescue should have dropped his first name of Harold altogether, and adopted merely his second of Henry, by which he was now always known. The next was what had become of the strange client, and here we must say that either her suffering or her beauty, cost poor Chance many a sleepless night, in his surmises of her present fate. Lastly, what did that monthly letter mean, which came so regularly, and was read always with closed doors, and the stern "See that no one comes in," as a kind of postcript to it. Was that from her? Hardly he should think, though he remembered overhearing some arrangement about writing. Altogether it was a "queer business," and, at this epoch of his life, Chance had but two worries—a queer business, that is anything that puzzled his curiosity, and the thought of a tall flunkey ogling Annette.

Thus passed a year or two.

CHAPTER X.

THE OLD TEMPTATION.

A dreamy sound of waters, falling, ever falling,
Voices of sweet song-birds to each other calling;
Flowers all rainbow tinted, springing, ever springing,
On the vagrant breezes richest perfume flinging.

A perfect satisfaction, a fulness of delight,
A sense of gliding onward, through regions ever bright—
All balm, all bloom, all beauty—like some ambrosial clime—
These are the signs that tell us, of glorious summer time.

"Bravo, Mr. Adams! He must have had this scene in his eye," exclaimed Sir Paul Deverell, and certainly nothing could be more appropriate to awake the poet's fancy, than that morning at Adringley.

It *was* a glorious morning. Clarice, Lady Arncliffe, half reclined on a low rustic bench littered with feminine work and children's toys. The sun poured a flood of lustre upon the gables and turrets of the fine old house, and fell in flickering light, through the spreading branches upon the group beneath them, weaving a kind of photographic tracery. Leaning against a mossy trunk, Clarice held in her arms a very young child just beginning to speak plainly. At her feet lay Sir Paul Deverell, an open book beside him, and near him a boy, of some seven or eight, frolicked with a huge dog, whose gambols elicited shouts of childish laughter. A slight and handsome lad, evidently impetuous and affectionate, for he rushed back madly ever and anon, to the great risk of Lady Arncliffe's dress, to fondle and whisper to her, and the little one on her lap.

"Get up, Paul, and give me a ride. You said you would an hour ago."

"Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate,
A combing his milk-white steed!"

"Cousin, don't teaze. I'm Ernest, and only Lord Lovell to strangers. You know I don't like it."

"Listen, Clarice; here's the passage I spoke of. Be quiet, you young ruffian, while I read to your mamma."

"I'm not a young ruffian, cousin Paul; and if you can read, why can't you tell me something. You said your tongue ached, but that's all stuff as long as you talk to mamma."

"Silence, you little idiot," and catching the boy round the waist, he held him lightly down, whilst he proceeded to read his extract. After this, throwing his book away lazily, he looked up at Clarice's face in dreamy silence.

A handsome pair, that boy and man. Their features seemed cast somewhat in the same mould; the eyes, shaded with dark brows, were similar in colour; the chiselled profile, the exquisitely curved and full soft lips, almost identical, yet how different the expression! In physical formation, too, what a contrast between the somewhat frail-looking child, through whose every fibre and motion, impetuosity leaped forth, so as to make one doubt whether the servant body, could carry its master soul, to manhood, and that stalwart, though graceful form, which half enfolded him in its embrace.

"Well, now you've done all that, I suppose you can attend to me. I've got something to ask you, Paul. Get off, Carlo. I want to know why the old gateway over there in the park, is called the Baron's Cross. I see no cross, and who was the Baron?"

"I'll tell you by-and-bye, not now; when you and I are alone."

"And why not now?" Clarice said, with a smile. "I've often been on the point of asking the same question. Tell us about it. Baby will be very good;" and she pressed the little golden head tenderly against her bosom.

"Yes! yes! mamma, Mina dood—tell 'tory," the child put in, and a fat little thumb went quietly between the rosy lips, as if the small damsel were well acquainted with this phase of our earliest epicurean enjoyment.

"Well, the story's not a long one, certainly, though I wonder my uncle has never told you." Paul Deverell always called the earl his uncle, though such was not the exact relationship. "It's a legend of the place and the family;" and half in abstraction he took up the lace which bordered Clarice's snowy muslin, and kept winding it about his finger, while he continued—

"Years ago, an ancestor of yours and mine held a high place in this country, as Lord of the Marches. In the course of his duties he had to pass sentence on some rebels, which means, Ernest, doing what papa sometimes does; only he sends bad men to prison, whereas this lord, who was the King's vice-chamberlain, had to order people for execution. Well, one day he had—so the story goes—sentenced two sons of a widow to death. The mother cursed him in the open court, and prayed that her surviving boys might wash their hands in his blood."

"And did they do it?"

"They did. In the wild pass not far from here, his carriage was attacked, he was barbarously slain, and the menace accomplished to the letter. To obstruct his passage, the assassins had blocked up the gate. Afterwards, a cross was erected near the spot, and hence the name."

"What a horrible story. But, mamma," and the boy ran to her, "do you think that is the same Gryffyd Lovel whose picture is in the great gallery?"

"A hard-featured man, with a scroll in his hand?"

"Precisely. Indeed it has been said that ever since, the Arncliffe family has never numbered above one male offspring, and as far as I remember it is true. A boy alone, or a boy and girl, but never more sons than just to keep up the direct succession."

There was a pause.

"Mamma," said the boy, presently, "how is it that Mina is not all my sister?"

"Because I am not your own mother, my darling," she replied; "yet Ernest knows mamma loves him as well," and a tender caress accompanied the words, the boy with loving confidence nestling to her side.

Somehow or other, Sir Paul did not like the grouping. She rose, gathering together the folds of her dress, and Paul, abandoning his slight hold of the hem, seemed to lose all that kept him lying there.

"Are you going in?" he said.

"Yes; the heat has put Mina to sleep."

"It is too hot to do anything," he remarked, pettishly.

"I shall go and look again at the baron's picture," said Ernest; and when she and the earl passed through the gallery half-an-hour afterwards, Lady Arncliffe found the cousins there, side by side.

"Is not Ardingley older than the Tudors?" said Clarice, after a little general talk.

"Some part far older. But the greater portion was built in the reign of Henry VIII."

"Judging by the absence of comfort in some of its details," Deverell chimed in, "I should fancy it belonged to Stephen, whose architecture was noted for thick walls, with cupboards for bedrooms, and no doors. Our ancestors, as Gray says, loved—

"To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing;
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that end in nothing."

"My predecessors and myself," said the earl, rather loftily, "have taken off the edge of the sarcasm; and as long as we can obtain the comfort suitable to our times and our position, I am not anxious to destroy the fine old records of the past. I plant the chesnut which grows quickly, and represents progress, but forbear to tear down the ivy, which ties old walls together, with all their associations."

"It is very beautiful," the young wife said—her eyes resting sympathetically upon her lord's—"I love these old grey turrets! How many generations have walked beneath them! What cares, what wars, what separations they must have seen!" Her enthusiasm had carried her too far."

"The question was of comfort, my dear Lady Arncliffe."

"Well, I find it comfortable enough."

Sir Paul bowed—that intimation could not be misunderstood.

"And I find it too comfortable," said the earl, pressing his wife's hand, and looking at her with extremest fondness; "every moment from you is a moment lost. Ah! Clarice!"

"My lord, the carriage is waiting, and Mr. Dacres——"

Had Mr. Dacres heard the anathema breathed but not spoken, he might not have been so well disposed to accompany the earl to the quarter sessions; but what happiness we do owe to silence, to be sure!

"You will not be long?" Clarice asked. Words depend upon manner; the first were anxious, the last scarcely wifely. There was duty, but no *empressement* about the tone; affection, not solicitude. The ring of marriage is emblematical of eternity; it should join hearts for ever; it may join hearts which can love—never.

During the interval, Sir Paul Deverell had been observing her. He noticed the leave-taking, as he had often done before, perhaps the Earl did too, for as he bade her adieu, he sighed.

He approached Clarice, who stood at the window commanding the terrace and drive. As the Earl drove off, lifting for a moment his hat from his fine old head in recognition of Lady Arncliffe's gesture, Deverell glanced at the clustering curls which fell upon the wife's fair shoulders, and mentally compared them with her lord's silver locks.

He did not speak until Clarice roused him from his reverie by asking the name of a picture which she appeared to notice for the first time.

"That is my grandmother," he said, with an earnest glance towards her—different to his manner generally and heretofore. "She married Sir Paul Deverell, and was sister to the last Lord Arncliffe."

"An only brother and sister?" observed the Countess.

"Yes. Lady Cornelia and the Earl are another pair. It is really a curious thing. But there is no end to legends in the Arncliffe family. I should have frightened Ernest out of his wits if I had told him all!"

The portrait of the boy's mother hung in the great dining-room. Clarice knew that the pretty delicate woman who was there depicted had died when he was born; so she asked no question in reference to the present generation.

"Ernest was an only one," said Deverell, as if pursuing her thoughts; and the boy, hearing his name pronounced, turned from the picture of the Baron, which seemed to have greatly engrossed his attention, and joined in the conversation.

"What is written on this thing?" said he. The words are so small. Is it anything to do with the curse?"

"My dear child," said Lady Arncliffe, tenderly, drawing him towards her, "you look very pale." She had seated herself in a strait-backed chair, one of those appendages to picture-galleries which are supposed to supply comfort by being endorsed by crimson velvet."

"I did not care for my dinner, and I ran away. Now tell me what those words are, and I'll go back to nurse directly; but I must know first." Paul Deverell looked at the fair young face, so like his own, but he could have cheerfully shaken the child at the moment.

"Well, tell him," said Lady Arncliffe, smilingly, "and then he will go and have his dinner."

"How you spoil that child. You let him get quite tiresome. Send him away!" His manner was more than dictatorial; it was even harsh.

The next moment his eyes dropped before her stately gaze. Ernest, with a half-defiant manner, turned to his step-mother.

"Well, Mamma" he returned lovingly, "we'll try and make it out."

In an instant, though with some confusion, Deverell recovered himself. "Oh! I can tell you—it is merely a doggerel distich touching upon the legend I named this morning. Some silly progeniter of ours chose to annex it to the picture of the man who they say brought the curse of a fated progeny upon the heirs of Arncliffe. I daresay the old hag who invented the humbug was drowned as a witch." But thus it runs:—

When of one brood but not one blood
A bride and bridegroom join,
And two successive heirs have wood
Spouse from far sea-girt shrine,
Then shall the curse annealed be
And fall from stately Ardingley.

"There! you know as much about it as you did before," said Clarice, who scarcely noticed the dogerel. Annette appeared at the end of the gallery as she spoke.

"Is Lord Lovell here, my lady?

"Yes Annette, here's the truant. Now my darling must go as he promised."

Deverell's voice rang shrilly down the vaulted room:—

"Oh! where are you hiding Lord Lovell she said,
Oh! where are you hiding said she——"

The boy turned furiously upon Sir Paul, and stamped his foot upon the floor. "You are always worrying me with that hateful song. One of these days I'll change my name and be somebody else—I detest it!"

"Hush, hush, my Ernest!" and the tender face was pressed against the child's flushed cheek. She whispered to him for a minute, and drying a proud tear or two, which he vainly tried to conceal, she sent him away with something like composure.

"I think," said Lady Arncliffe gravely, when the boy was gone "it is extremely unkind of you to torment the child with that silly nonsense. I've told you before that it does him harm; now he will be put out for hours." She looked really vexed.

"How you love that child!"

"I do, but to teaze any child is wicked; you may plant the seeds of evil never to be erased, and no one but a bad or thoughtless man would do it. As for Ernest, I scarcely love my little Armine better. Am I not to him instead of his mother, poor darling?"

"Pshaw! His mother only, because his father's wife. I've no great cause to love him. If it were not for him, I might be ——. I hate the brat."

"Sir Paul!" She looked aghast. He paced up and down moodily.

"I'm sorry if I startled you. The Deverells are none too gentle sometimes; but," he exclaimed bitterly, "I'm giving you a worse idea of me than I deserve. I don't remember giving utterance to such nonsense before."

To do young Deverell justice, he had never hitherto put the case as imagination now presented it. A kind of mirage was before his eyes, in which the earl's grey hair, his boy's frail look, and Clarice's heavenly beauty mingled in wild confusion. When the earl died, and he was an old man already, this boy, of whom Paul was just now very jealous, would be lord and master in that house. Clarice loved him as her own, and would doubtless sacrifice everything for him, but he was delicate, and for years it had been said he never would live to be a man. He might die.

What!—the title fail? Yes; but then Paul Deverell would be heir to Ardingley!

Was it some mocking fiend that tempted him again with the words of the prediction? Lady Arncliffe, seeking to give the conversation a less unpleasant turn, herself read out the lines. From her lips they received an added meaning. All at once it flashed upon him—

When of one brood, but not one blood,
A bride and bridegroom join—

Yes! Clarice and he were members of one family, though there was no relationship between them! Well, then, again—

And two successive heirs should woo
Spouse from far sea-girt shrine.

It was all as plain as noontide. She was the bride, the earl and himself the two successive heirs. Ernest was a nothing. It was evident he would die; it was decreed by fate!

We all know how strongly an impression comes upon the mind, when superstition aids it.

The next words that passed his lips seemed to Clarice a little irrelevant.

"You were born in the Island of Bourbon?"

"Yes!" She was startled, and blushed painfully. Did she also read the prophecy, and guess what was passing in his mind?

"Lady Arncliffe, will you pardon me one question? Did you marry my uncle for ——"

He stopped abruptly. No! he could not risk her scorn by giving utterance to such insulting queries.

She waited gravely for him to continue, but nothing more came. He had turned away, and was angrily beating his foot on the ground.

"Sir Paul! what *is* the matter with you today?"

Her gentle tone quite unnerved him.

"Clarice! I don't know what is come to me! I feel as I never did before, and only you can console me. Oh! Clarice, why don't you care for me, as you do for that boy?"

He had sunk down beside her, half kneeling; and before she could resent, or stop the movement, he had laid his head in her lap.

(To be Continued.)

THE ANGELS AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Oh, merry, in the olden days
Rang out the angels' song;
And merry now we join their lays,
And pass the joy along.
They taught our fathers to rejoice,
When rose the morning star;
And still we hear the angels' voice
Swell on us from afar.

Sometimes, at dusk, we seem to hear
Faint voices at the door;
Of those whose welcome once was dear,
Whose footsteps come no more.
But though we miss their loving face
From its accustomed path;
For them we keep the angels' place,
Beside our Christmas hearth.

Christian Witness.

Hermione;

OR,

LOVE AND HATE.

CHAPTER VIII.

When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows!
OTHELLO.

IT was a circumstance not unnoticed by Hermione, that Mr. Beaumont declined to pursue the man, whom both she and the child had seen in the vicinity of the lake, alleging that he should not like to leave Miss D'Arcy to return alone with her young charge to the hall, and also that this person whom they had seen might, if ill-disposed, not be without associates.

This was perfectly true, and Hermione could not conceal from herself that it might have been equally imprudent, either for Mr. Beaumont to have left her, with her young charge, to return unprotected to the hall, or himself to have faced alone, perhaps, two or three ruffians, prepared for the most atrocious violence. This was true, and yet there was a kind of coolness in Mr. Beaumont's manner that occasioned Hermione some surprise. His bearing was not that of a man who entertained any apprehension either for his own safety, or for that of her and the child. She was quite sure, too, that the man she had seen was the same who had been in conversation with Lady Beaumont on the previous night, and she could not drive from her mind the suspicion that Mr. Beaumont, also, had some knowledge of this mysterious visitor.

On their way back to the hall, Emmeline, having partially recovered from her fright, entered into a long detail of the adventure which she and her mamma had encountered in the winter, when that very same ugly man, as she assured the governess, had robbed her mamma, and so terrified her that she had fainted away, and while she (Emmeline) ran to the hall for assistance, the wicked man, as she said, had escaped.

This account, given by the child, was corroborated by Mr. Beaumont, who, on arriving at the hall, mentioned to Sir William Emmeline's suspicion, that she had again seen the thief lurking by the lake. This information greatly alarmed the pompous baronet, who, however, excused himself from accompanying his cousin and the servants in search of the intruder.

The unpleasant news having reached Lady Beaumont's ears, Emmeline was sent for to her dressing-room, and in about half-an-hour she was brought back to the school-room by the waiting-maid, who said that her lady had desired her to stay with Miss Emmeline while Miss D'Arcy went upstairs, as Lady Beaumont wished to speak with her.

Hermione found Lady Beaumont stretched on a couch in her dressing-room, in a kind of elegant disorder, with her hair hanging loose, and a table covered with essences beside her; while her friend, the lady who disliked young governesses, and who had no beauty to boast of, was bathing her temples with eau de Cologne, and the pretty Mrs. Herbert sitting, with a very dignified and magisterial countenance, bolt upright upon what should have been an easy-chair.

"The young person, Miss D'Arcy, is here, my sweet friend," said Mrs. Langton.

"Ah!" sighed Lady Beaumont, in a very languishing voice, but without unclosing her eyes."

"Dear Alithea!" cried Mrs. Herbert, parenthetically: then, addressing Mrs. Langton, she went on, "Lady Beaumont's nerves have been shaken, you see, my dear; but if she could make the exertion of speaking to Miss D'Arcy, it would be better done at once; it is so desirable for people to know their own position, it saves so much trouble and annoyance."

"Very true," replied Mrs. Langton; "and we may, perhaps, aid her to explain."

"You are but too kind, my dear friends," said Lady Beaumont, at length unclosing her eyes, to fix them, with an expression of great severity, upon Hermione; she then raised herself on the couch, and went on to speak, with a determination that seemed to indicate a sudden recovery from her nervous debility.

"I do not know, Miss D'Arcy," she said, "after the shock which I have received, from hearing that my daughter has encountered again, in the park, the horrid wretch by whom we were robbed some months ago, that I could find strength to speak to you, as duty towards myself, and the kindest consideration for you demand, if these ladies had not the goodness to be present; they will help me to express a just opinion of your conduct."

From the very demeanour of the ladies, who all three eyed her with the extreme of insolence, and kept her standing, Hermione apprehended something of what was to come, and she replied, coolly, "From just opinions of my conduct, Madam, I can have nothing to apprehend."

"Not at all so, Miss D'Arcy," returned Lady Beaumont; "at least, not if you value the esteem of ladies."

"I should be most sorry, Madam, if I did not value a just esteem from every virtuous member of my own sex, be she what the world calls a lady, or not," answered Hermione.

"No one would suppose that, Miss D'Arcy—no one would suppose it," retorted Lady Beaumont, sharply. "Of the good opinion of the gentlemen, indeed, after their fashion of forming a good opinion, you may, no doubt, boast yourself secure."

"And perhaps, after all," interrupted Mrs. Langton, with a sneer, "that is what the young lady cares about; but she will find it bad policy."

"Wretched policy, indeed," said Mrs. Herbert. "A young person who has her bread to get should be humble and reserved in her manner, and look to the patronage of her own sex, which she will never obtain if she is to set herself up for a wit and a beauty, and show off her face, and enter into conversation with gentlemen."

"I am quite unconscious, madam, of pretending to be either a beauty or a wit," said Hermione, "and shall really be glad to know what I have done to give offence."

"Oh, it is not one thing nor another, Miss D'Arcy," cried Lady Beaumont; "it is your general demeanour, which, towards the gentlemen, I must say, is most improper. You intrude yourself into the conservatory, you presume to speak to Sir William, and you actually took Mr Beaumont's arm to walk in the park; and you talk—bless me, I observed, last night, there was not a subject which you did not affect to understand, and about which you did not talk. There is nothing so offensive as a young woman who will talk, because, of course, she talks to be admired."

"And after all," said Mrs Herbert, "the gentlemen only laugh at the silly things. I am sure, for my part, I never tried to talk in the fine style that you say Miss D'Arcy affects; and were I in her situation, I am sure it would be the last of my thoughts to put myself forward to talk with gentlemen."

It was very true that Mrs. Herbert never had affected to talk in Hermione's style; she would have found it rather difficult to do so; and it was very false to say that, under the circumstances of Miss D'Arcy she would have neglected the admiration of the other sex to win that of her own. Mrs. Herbert was far too cunning to play so false a card; she knew very well that women are not always friends to women, and she had won her deceased husband by putting herself forward upon the single attraction of her pretty face.

The vulgar malignity of all three ladies was very evident to Hermione, and was about the highest compliment which they could have paid to her beauty and good sense. But to the speech of Mrs. Herbert she disdained reply, and the calm and unfaltering voice with which she demanded of Lady Beaumont if she had any further complaints to urge against her conduct, irritated them all three, with the conviction that they were understood. Lady Beaumont, however, was not inclined to succumb, and she replied, "I have this much to say, Miss D'Arcy, if you are to maintain the post of governess to my daughter, you must adopt a very different demeanour. You must be more respectful and deferential to the ladies of my acquaintance, and less eager to grasp at the attentions which the gentlemen, either out of a foolish good-nature, or sometimes, as Mrs. Herbert says, for the mere purpose of laughing at you, may occasionally offer."

During this humiliating scene, Hermione had rapidly considered her position, the state of things at her home, and her prospects at Morcot Hall. Truly affectionate towards her family, she would have endured any amount of suffering for them without shrinking. But there was worse than suffering: there was disgrace cast upon her, by the imputations of Lady Beamont; and while, with an aching heart, she abandoned the thought of sending home the best part of her salary at the end of the quarter, it was with a firm look and unshaken voice that she told Lady Beaumont she would not remain in an employment where the integrity of her conduct and purity of her intentions would be so called in question.

This, however, was not what Lady Beaumont wanted. She was well aware of the high talent of Hermione, while she hated both that and her beauty; therefore she softened her tone, and, affecting to be gracious, she said, "Oh, I do not wish to carry things so far, Miss D'Arcy; I dare say you have no evil intention, but you are very young, and I assure you that, in your employment, a reserved manner is of the greatest importance."

Upon this text the other two ladies, who perceived that their dear friend was not, after all, disposed to part with her governess, would have expatiated at considerable length, but unhappily for the display of their eloquence, a brisk rap was at that moment heard at the dressing-room door, and, in reply to the permission given by Lady Beaumont for the applicant to enter, Mr. Edmund appeared.

"I would not lose a moment, dearest Alithea," he said, "in hastening to relieve you with the assurance that the fellow whom Emmeline thought she saw is certainly not lurking about the park now, and if he has gone down to the village he will be arrested, as Sir William has sent orders to that purpose, with a description of the man's person. What a happiness it will be if this wretch, who seems to take a peculiar pleasure in making Morcot the scene of his depredations, even to his own infinite danger, should at last be caught."

"A blessing, indeed!" responded Lady Beaumont, but her looks were strangely at variance with her words, for, as it struck Hermione, who stood directly opposite to her, an expression of horror, amounting to despair, crossed her features, which became, at the same time, so deadly pale, that the young governess thought that the lady was about to faint in downright earnest.

The two friends, Mrs. Herbert and Mrs. Langton, were really alarmed, and Hermione offered her assistance, but waving them back, Lady Beaumont entreated to be left to herself. According to her wish, the persons present quitted the apartment, but no sooner had Lady Beaumont's maid, informed by Hermione of her lady's indisposition, hurried to her dressing-room, than she was despatched to call Mr. Beaumont back, and, on his entrance, was bidden to quit the room.

Lady Beaumont's face was still deadly pale, and there was inconceivable anguish in her tone, as, clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Oh, Edmund, have mercy on me! Tell me not that there is any chance of his being taken! You can prevent that, dear, generous Edmund; you *will* prevent it."

"It is an unpleasant affair, Alithea, a confidence of which I could wish myself well rid," said Mr. Beaumont; "but if I again exert myself on your behalf, I shall expect, in return, that you will behave with humanity and respect towards Miss D'Arcy. You must govern your tyrannical temper, your petty spites, and do not, as I am certain you have done now, call in such creatures as Mrs. Langton and the widow Herbert to aid you insulting one who is far more your superior in merit than she is your inferior in fortune."

"This to me, Sir?' said Lady Beaumont, haughtily.

"Oh yes, this, and much more," returned Mr. Beaumont. "You know you are in my power, Alithea; wherefore struggle with your toils?"

"And this girl, this Hermione D'Arcy, what projects have you with regard to her?" demanded the lady.

"You have nothing to do with my projects, Madam; it is enough that you know my will," replied Mr. Beaumont; "and that, at present, is, that you behave, not only with civility and respect, but with kindness and deference towards her. You can defy my will, if you dare."

"Deal not with me so harshly, Edmund," said Lady Beaumont; "you know I dare not defy you."

(To be continued.)

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

YOUR wedding ring wears thin, dear wife; ah,
summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed
o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what
cares and pleasures, too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this
old ring was new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of
my life,
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes,"
made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's
as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when
this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet
face that day:
How fair you were—how dear you were my tongue
could hardly say;
Nor how I doated on you; ah, how proud I was
of you;
But did I love you more than now, when this old
ring was new?

No—no; no fairer were you then than at this
hour to me,
And dear as life to me this day, how could you
dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it
is, 'tis true,
But did I know your heart as well when this old
ring was new?

O, partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what
grief is there
For me you would not bravely face,—with me
you would not share?
O, what a weary want had every day, if wanting
you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this
old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—small
voices that are here,
Small faces round our fire that make their mother's
yet more dear,
Small, loving hearts, your care each day makes
yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this
old ring was new.

And, blessed be God, all He has given are with
us yet; around
Our table, every little life lent to us still is
found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts
the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be His name for all His love since this
old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our
memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would
not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto
heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this
old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and
daughters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or
mine grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still
shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this
old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me
to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on
that breast;
O, may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear
sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this
old ring was new!

W. C. BENNETT.

SLEEP.—Some years ago a cruel experiment was tried in Switzerland on a malefactor condemned to death. With a view of ascertaining how long a person could live without sleep, two gaolers were constantly at his side to prevent the first approaches of slumber. The wretched man died raving mad at the end of eleven days.

An Old Story of Christmas Eve.

BY A. H. WALL.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is now about twenty years ago since I passed a Christmas with some friends of my mother's, at an old house in Berkshire, called Seabrook Hall. This building was a low, straggling erection, composed mainly of timber; and was a fine, quaint-looking specimen of such houses as were common up to the sixteenth century, when brick and stone began to be substituted more generally for wood. Its broad staircases, narrow, angularly-twisting passages, its wainscotted rooms, huge fire-places, and large, deep-set bay windows, are still fresh in my memory, as are also the wooded eminence on which it stood, and the beautiful views it commanded.

It was a cold frosty day when I first introduced myself to Mr. and Mrs. Seabrook, my mother's old friends, with whom I soon became perfectly at home, so truly and unaffectedly hospitable was the reception they awarded me.

Full of pleasant chat, they took me through the curious old rooms, calling my attention to the artistic skill and imaginative power displayed in some of the elaborate carved work; giving me interesting accounts of the portraits, and showing me armour, jewellery, and moth-eaten costumes, once worn by the originals of those paintings. With considerable pride they dwelt upon the warlike and patriotic deeds of their forefathers, and showed me, amongst other things I remember, the relics of a pair of well-worn old boots, in which that dare-devil royalist, Sir something Seabrook, died, he being shot dead by the Puritans, not a hundred yards from a chamber in which lay his poor wife, white, and still in a deathly swoon. Of such and similar things it was their delight to talk.

I soon discovered, indeed, that the old gentleman's chief occupation had for many years been the collecting, from a variety of sources, every kind of information or relics calculated to throw a light on his family history. He had quite a museum of these antiquities, some of them of a very rare and curious nature, and had collected such a store of legendary and historical tales, as would set him up as a story-writer for quite a long life-time. Most of the MSS. of these traditionary stories, and some of the above-mentioned relics, are now in my possession.

Amongst the old pictures I inspected, were two portraits, which more particularly attracted my attention. The one represented a tall, handsome man in the costume of Henry VIII.'s time, and was executed in the dry, hard style of that period. There was a sternly suspicious expression in the large, eager-looking grey eyes of this portrait, which I did not like, and I remember my host and hostess looked significantly at each other when I said as much.

The other portrait was that of a girlish woman, whose beauty was apparent despite the bad drawing and cold, unnatural colouring, or the brown, horny film of discoloured varnish which concealed it. I was very loud in my admiration of the sweet, placid expression in the face of this picture, and wished with all my heart that it had been painted by a more skilful and worthy limner.

On the Sunday following my arrival in Berkshire, I saw the tomb of the unfortunate couple, whose portraits these were. It displayed a couple of wooden effigies, which had, not long since, been newly painted and repaired; and at the feet of each, a small brass plate contained a barely legible inscription. That of the lady ran thus:—

"Now is she here wyche was a Verteous Wife;
Frome whom, alas! Her Love Her Lyfe byreft:
Chaste ever was Her Honest Godlie Lyfe:
Mercie, O God, mercie for her's here lefte!
Deceased, Anno 1527."

That of the gentleman ran as follows:—

"Of your Charetie all that heather come,
Pray for the poure needye soule of
Sir Robert Seabrook, Knt.,
Fro Helpe and Succoure of God.
Deceased, Anno 1557.
Turne Thy Face fro our synnes (O Lord),
And Blot out all our offenses."

There was a third and more elaborate inscription on the tomb; but this, I regret to say, I did not copy.

In the carved work of this tomb there figured repeatedly a very peculiar looking finger-ring, and wherever it was thus introduced a serpent was represented twining about it. Directly I saw it I recognised it as the same as that I had seen on one of the fingers of the left hand in Sir Robert Seabrook's portrait.

On mentioning this to my pleasant host and hostess, they straightway brought me the identical ring from which that on the tomb was carved, and that in the painting copied. It was a ring of extremely ancient make, and I was informed that it had been long regarded as a species of amulet or charm ensuring for its wearer the faithfulness and love of his bride or betrothed. It came originally from the East, and was brought home by a crusading Seabrook who flourished in the reign of Henry III., and perished in the Barons' war for the people's rights. Although fashioned with extreme rudeness and simplicity, it contained a dark stone on which the figure of a nude female had been carved with singular cleverness and knowledge.

Now, the old story which I heard on Christmas-eve, and which I am now going to repeat, was about this Sir Robert Seabrook, his pretty wife, and this very old ring. And this was how I came to hear it.

On Christmas-eve we were all—friends, relatives, and neighbours—assembled in the old mansion's largest room. The polished oak fur-

niture, walls, and ceiling were gleaming, glimmering, and winking in the rich red glow of the fire-light, and the tall, stiff-backed chairs sprang out of, or vanished into, the gloom of the more remote portions of the room as the darting flames leaped upward or suddenly fell. A cold gleam of wintry moonlight stealing in through one of the bay windows fell upon a suit of armour standing grimly up by a huge old cabinet, and between the heavy velvet curtains could be seen the bare boughs slowly moving in the ghostly light and the white snow on the lawn below.

Excepting myself, those present were all particularly staid, quiet, elderly people, by no means very talkatively disposed. They sipped their wine and cracked their nuts, spoke of the weather, the crops, and then seemed at a loss for some other subject. So it came about that we had long gaps of dreary silence between very short fits of uninteresting conversation.

In one of these silent intervals I turned from thinking dreamily about the cold and snow, the bare branches and the moaning wind outside, to the little old Saxon church in which Sir Robert Seabrook and his wife had been buried so many years ago. The quaintly earnest and simple memorials graven on their tomb interested me, and there was something in the mysterious rings and serpents which set my imagination at work. Sir Robert and his wife had doubtless sat in that very room in the midst of the very things by which I was then surrounded on many a long-since departed Christmas-eve. They had looked out upon the snow and the dark boughs, and the sailing moon, from the very window from which I then saw the same things. "Surely," I half muttered to myself, "this room of all other rooms should certainly be haunted."

There was much to encourage the idea. This room, like every other room in the house, including that in which I slept, was full of mysterious, unaccountable noises. Some were oddly, unpleasantly suggestive of invisible forms in audibly creaking shoes, the noises made by which they vainly endeavoured to suppress; others came with a rustling deadly rattle and a smothered fall; while others quite startled one with their sharp, sudden crack. Without giving thought to the slow inevitable progress of decay, which was in fact all these sounds really indicated, I listened to them until a solemn pensiveness crept over me, and I recognised the existence of a vague feeling of sympathy as I gazed around me at things which had been so long and intimately associated with generations of departed men and women, and caught myself thinking about them as if they were sentient beings gifted with memory and feeling. The melancholy moaning of the wind blended with my half-formed sentiments, and even the hissing, crackling, and spluttering of the burning logs and the occasional remarks of those about me at last failed to arouse me from my reverie. The forms and sounds of my imagination took the place of actual sounds and forms, and even the snoring of a fat old farmer who had fallen asleep beside me, failed to attract my attention.

Suddenly our hostess said laughingly, "How quiet we all are." "I have been thinking," said the host, by way of apology for his share in the silence, "of a terrible Christmas-eve which was witnessed in this old room just three hundred and twenty years ago. If you are not afraid of dreadful stories, and some of you don't mind listening to a twice-told tale, I'll repeat this one to you. I've got it all written down in my pocket, for the manuscript was only completed this morning, and I took it out to read over to my sister a few hours ago."

No suggestion could have been to me, at least, more welcome. The story was instantly demanded, and the noise we suddenly made by drawing our heavy chairs together in the form of a compact circle around the fire awoke even the aforesaid sleeper, who set us all laughing by the way in which he immediately asked:—

"Ha' Giles fetched whoam they cows, Meary?"

And so the good old gentleman—our host—took a roll of manuscript from his pocket, and spreading it open commenced reading the following short story, which he called—

THE FATAL AMULET.

CHAPTER I.

Each thing affrights me. I do fear—
Oh! pardon me my fear—
I doubt a man is hid within
The clothes that thou dost wear.
PROPERTIUS (BURTON).

IN the winter of the year 1525, London was afflicted with that dreadful scourge called the sweating sickness. So serious were its ravages that the Michaelmas Term was adjourned; King Harry retired for safety to his palace at Eltham; and the metropolis became so depopulated and deserted that the Christmas of that fatal year is yet known in history by the name it then received of "The *still* Christmas!"

Seabrook Hall, in common with many other country houses of the same class, was crowded with Cockney visitors driven from home by fear of the sickness, but determined to make the most of their enforced holiday. For many weeks every day saw one or more of such visitors coming up between the leafless old elms and oaks to the curiously carved entrance porch. Sometimes it would be a wayworn, travel-soiled rider, attended by two or three heavily armed retainers. Sometimes a bevy of fair dames on gaily decorated steeds, with husbands or brothers for protectors, and a string of well-laden pack-horses in their rear conveying luggage and such conveniences, including beds, as travellers were then wont to provide for their tedious journeys.

Relatives, friends, or mere acquaintances, Sir Robert Seabrook heartily welcomed each new comer. His house was in a high state of bustle and excitement. The grooms, the cellarer, the slaughterman, and the caterer declared they had never before been so hard worked. All sorts of rollicking, noisy indoor and outdoor sports were provided. Mummers, jugglers, jesters, and beggars came trooping across the country to Sir Robert Seabrook's, and there was every sign of the coming Christmas being jolly and rollicksome enough at Seabrook Hall, however sad and silent it might be in poor plague-stricken London.

Amongst other guests there were John Skelton, who was poet laureate to the King, Sir John Alleyn, Knight, from "Westminstre," Gabriel Lamb, "merchant," and one Master Erasmus Simon.

Sir John Alleyn was a tall, well-made young man, fresh from France, where he had distinguished himself as a soldier in the war which then divided England from that country. He was a shallow-pated, conceited fellow, as appeared in his air and dress, which was composed of the most costly cloth, velvet and satin, elaborately and richly embroidered and cut in the most extravagant court fashion. His jewelled cap was so outrageously heavily laden with tall plumes of feathers that it was worn for convenience more frequently at his back than on his head. Although he had attained warlike fame and honour in Picardy, Artois, and elsewhere, Sir Alleyn was far less proud of his repute as a man-killer than he was of his repute as a lady-killer, and the air of cool indifference with which he received laudation as a warrior contrasted strangely with the irrepressible gratification which found vent at the slightest allusion to his inglorious conquests over silly girls or wanton dames. When amongst ladies this impertinent young fop assumed an expression of conscious power which made some of their male friends indignantly angry, and others admiringly envious.

The guest least pleased, perhaps, by Sir Alleyn's arrival, was the aforesaid Gabriel Lamb, a wealthy Cockney, distantly related to Sir Robert Seabrook. This flourishing and then well-known merchant, was conspicuously ugly in person, and, as you will see, not much better in mind. His coffin-shaped face possessed small deep-set eyes, a long thick-lipped mouth, and a very large, prominent nose, tapering from a broad high bridge, which resembled in colour a bruised over-ripe pear, to a cold white pinched-in tip. His long scraggy throat reminded one of an ostrich's; his bony hands had long, claw-like fingers, his thin, straight hair was lank and red, and his limbs, also of great length, were thin, shapeless, and with wen-like joints.

Gabriel Lamb was about as conscious of his ugly, as Sir John Alleyn was of his handsome, person, and was as extreme in his bitter, restless discontent as the other was in his intense self-satisfaction. The merchant's nature was soured and unhappy, through continually brooding over his want of personal attraction; and the Knight's nature was spoiled in a different way by continually congratulating himself upon his personal charms. When, therefore, the merchant heard all voices loud in praise of Sir Alleyn's manly beauty, he winced at such praises as if they were intentionally insulting to himself, and growled at the young knight's attractiveness as if it were a contemptible quality, for the possession of which he was much to be pitied.

Gabriel Lamb affected to look down upon mere personal beauty. He was fond of dwelling upon its transient nature, its mischievous influence, &c., and used to talk much about the superiority of intellectual power, moral loveliness, and of those business habits which led a man to acquire wealth and position. But he did this so bitterly that it was easy to perceive how much envy and dissatisfaction had to do with the opinions he strove to believe in himself, and make others believe in also. The expression of self-satisfaction he invariably assumed upon these occasions vanished at once if anyone but laughed suddenly, or only whispered in another's ear, and he would regard those who thus innocently offended him with a snarling fierceness not easy to disguise.

To see the old skeleton indulge in these hypocritical preaching to his hostess, charming Mabel Seabrook, was particularly comical; for though she sat by him demurely listening, and seemingly approving, her every look and motion was enough to upset his arguments, and make each beholder a willing slave to the superior delight and power of all-enchanting beauty. And this gentle dame was as good as she was beautiful. Pious, simple-hearted, unsuspicious, and impulsively affectionate, the humblest serving man of her establishment would have pledged the lives of his nearest and dearest, to say nothing of his own, for that sweet lady's chastity and honour, and yet she had a jealous lord! Sir Robert Seabrook watched her every action, weighed her every word, and followed every glance of her frank, fearless eyes with suspicions which, terrible in their nature, were yet so indefinite that he hardly dared acknowledge their existence even to himself. But formless as they were, they clung to his mind, degrading and torturing it whenever they were active, distorting the simplest facts into horrifying suggestions, and giving calumnious meanings, which no one else could possibly have attached to them, to common-place unimportant events.

But although often ashamed of and humiliated by the consciousness of this causeless watchfulness for evil in one he nevertheless knew to be so pure and good, he could not struggle against the thoughts and feelings which originated it. If she smiled upon another man the wary devil Jealousy would flash into his eye and detect in it a secret meaning or a forbidden feeling, and a hundred little unguarded acts, due to the fearless confidence of her very purity and innocence, seemed to his jaundiced vision signs of that for which he watched so anxiously, but which he, nevertheless, dreaded so horribly. For a long time he kept these feelings from his wife's knowledge. But when Sir Alleyn came, and Mabel greeted him warmly and merrily as an old friend of her dead brother's, the secret stole into light. Then her calm, clear, love-sharpened eyes looked into his tainted heart and saw the lurking devil it contained.

At first her conscious truthfulness and love started up in arms against the wickedness and falseness of her husband's suspicions. Her pride and anger were hot against that which was so insulting to herself, so derogatory to him, her love-chosen mate. But she fought against these angry impulses, thrust them resolutely but painfully aside, and kept the knowledge of his weakness to herself, only guarding her words and actions the more scrupulously for knowing what she did. Finding in her husband, for the first time, something to pity as well as so much to admire, she loved him none the less, but only with greater tenderness and solicitude.

Sir Alleyn, noting the growing reserve and constraint by which the lovely hostess then began to be characterised, found in this, as he did in almost everything else, fresh food wherewith to fatten his ever-swelling vanity, taking it into his empty coxcomb head that Sir Robert's sensible wife had fallen in love, forsooth!—with his invincible self, and that she had grown prudish out of sheer dread of his power and consciousness of her own weakness! He began to joke her, and in the hearing of her husband, too, about what he called her "caution and coldness." In his pleasant confident way he would sportively allude to her as "the married nun," "Venus in snow," &c. and sung to her, with sundry significant glances and smiles, scraps from such songs of the day as "Cautious cold, and calmly bold," "Coldly fair," &c.; or that commencing "Why so coy?"

But, alas! Sir Alleyn was not the only person who was deceived by the too affectionate wife's quiet, self-possessed, but, withal, somewhat prudish ways:—

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

The master of Seabrook Hall found in the very means his anxious wife had taken to free his mind from fear, fresh food for doubt. "Why," he asked himself, "had she become thus singularly changed?" In her maidenhood, she was as frank, open and fearless in the presence of men as in that of women; whereas now, when amongst his own sex, every word seemed guarded, every action seemed under the influence of some restraining thought. "Why should she thus play the prude? Was it *to throw him off his guard?* If so, *why?*" These questions repeatedly asked and always unanswered, irritated and annoyed him. He grew peevish, or moody, or angry and restless, at intervals. No one, save himself and his wife, could say why. The guests began to notice and wonder at the change. Mabel grew anxious and uneasy. At last she thought his health was affected; and, questioning him with gentle solicitude, was deeply wounded to find herself peevishly repulsed. Unwilling and ashamed to explain, unable to deceive, he could but drive her from his presence, although his heart smote him for his cruelty, and the reproachful mournfulness of her soft, tearful eyes, as sad and bewildered she went away, haunted him for hours afterwards.

One ominous evening the gentlemen assembled behind the mansion for a few hours' sword-play. The ladies and children were present to witness the sport, and the serving-men, women, and boys gathered together to enjoy the rough amusement of their betters from a respectful distance. It was arranged that Sir Robert and Sir Alleyn, being well known for equality of skill and strength, should have the first bout.

After removing his doublet, &c., for the friendly encounter, Sir Robert gave into his wife's hand a rudely-fashioned massive old ring which he withdrew from his finger for that purpose, saying:—

"Be careful, dame! Not the wealth of the Cardinal, with the King's highness's treasures to boot, could repay me for the loss of mine ancient ring!"

There were many who heard these words, and saw the ring, amongst them Gabriel Lamb, Sir Alleyn, and Master Erasmus Simon. The latter gentleman asked to examine it; and, while it was in his hand, Mabel told its history. It had been in the possession of Sir Robert's family hundreds of years, &c. From Master Simon the ring passed into the hands of Gabriel Lamb, just as the clash of the meeting weapons rivetted every one's attention on the sword players.

The game was not the refined, scientific display which soon after became fashionable, but the rude cut-and-thrust business of earlier days, played with the very swords and bucklers you have all of you seen in the hall below. Both combatants were perfect masters of what was then called "the noble science of defence," and the agility, dexterity, and power displayed, as they moved rapidly about, striking, thrusting, guarding, and parrying with lightning-like speed, provoked repeated bursts of applause. Several other bouts were played out, and it was dusk when the company went merrily into the house again. In due time each retired to bed.

All this while the ring, resting quietly in Gabriel's pouch, was forgotten.

(*To be Continued.*)

ORIGINAL EPIGRAMS.

By OMEGA.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER.")

LUCKY TURN.

Says Dick to Tom, "that tune will turn my brain."
"Ah, then," says Tom, "sense may come round again."

A PARODY.

From Oxford's eyes fanatic currents flow;
And priestcraft dreads the scourge of S. G. O.

The Rose of Circassia;

OR,

THE SULTAN, THE SLAVE, AND THE "SENSATION" GIRL IN BLUE.

A DRAWING-ROOM BURLESQUE.

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEERSCHAUM THE MERCILESS (Son of the Moon, and seventeenth cousin of the comet, that is Sultan of Turkey).
BOWLANSTEM (his Pasha and Pipeholder).
SELIM (a young man from the country—of Circassia).
FADEDRADA (the Sultan's eldest wife, and, in her own opinion, the "Light of the Harem").
LULU (a darling—that is the Rose of Circassia, and the Sultan's captive).
FATIMA, MORGEANNA, HINDA, LINDA, and LUCINDA (the Sultan's other wives).
Slaves, Singers, and Supers.
SCENE—Turkey. PERIOD—Any but the present.
COSTUME—Of the period.

ACT I.

Interior of the Harem—Large open windows at back, through which is seen the moon—FADEDRADA sitting dejectedly at window—FATIMA, MORGEANNA, HINDA, LINDA, and LUCINDA grouped about stage on cushions with guitars, &c.

OPENING CHORUS.

AIR—"Beautiful Star."

Beautiful moon, so pure and bright,
Welcome is thy silvery light.
Dear is the sun that shines at noon;
Dearer thy light, though, beautiful moon!
O beautiful moon,
Beautiful moon,—
Queen of the night-time—
Beautiful, beautiful moon!

LIN. It is the time the moon shines o'er the Bosphorus,
And rippling waves are tinged with sparkling phosphorus.
It is the time——
HIN. I wish you'd be quiet, dear.
LIN. Ah! you've no soul!
LUC. It's out of place, I fear.
LIN. It is the time——
HIN. Oh! Linda, you're a bore.
(*aside*) I never more will lind her Thomas Moore.
LIN. To show poetic fervour here's in vain;
So, Hinda, I won't hinder you again.
FAT. You know the Queen of Turkey last week died:
Since then the Sultan's groaned, and moaned, and cried;
But I have heard to-day—his grief less keen—
From us he means to choose his future queen.
LUC. I wish he would choose me.
HIN. No, me.
LIN. Or me.
FAT. Or else poor me.
FAD. (*coming down*) Don't talk so foolish*lee*.
As I'm the eldest lady of the harem,
The wisest, brightest, though not harum-scarum;
The one the Sultan loved in early life,
There is no doubt he'll choose *me* for his wife. [*Ladies laugh.*
Laugh on! laugh on! 'twill be my turn some day,—
Then won't I laugh.
HIN. Bowlanstem comes this way.

Enter BOWLANSTEM. *Ladies salam mockingly.*

BOWL. Good evening, ladies; I have news to tell from Sultan Meerschaum.
HIN. Well?
LIN. Well?
LUC. Well?
FAT. Well?
MOR. Well?
BOWL. He bids me in the mildest manner say,
The bills you run up he can't longer pay.
The treasury is low, and times are bad;
So you must all retrench.
HIN. Man must be mad.
FAT. You are a brute.
MOR. A monster!
LUC. A gorilla!
HIN. O I could fill a sack with you, base *filla*,
And drown you in the Bosphorus. Come, Seize him!
HIN. 'Tis too poetical, I vote we tease him.

CHORUS OF LADIES, *who dance round* BOWLANSTEM.

AIR—"Off she goes."

Man mad, great cad, son of a dog,
Seedy, greedy, fat as a hog,
Bilious, will you us check if you can,
Rusty, fusty Mohamedan?

BOWL. 'Tis too bad, ladies, to treat me so;
Out of the Harem at once I'll go.
FAD. All very well, man, such things to say,
What's pain to you is to them but play.
CHORUS. Man mad, great cad, &c.
[*Ladies push* BOWLANSTEM *as they dance.*
BOWL. Here, stop! I'm out of breath. Pray cease your funning.
FAD. (*looking off*) The Sultan comes.
BOWL. Relieved. Ah, that is stunning.
HIN. Wait till he's gone, then you shall have more running.
[*Ladies arrange themselves on cushions. Grand music. Enter a procession of slaves, after which* MEERSCHAUM THE MERCILESS. *All rise and salam.*
MEER. Ladies, I am, though blessed with rank and power,
What Europeans would call a widow*er;*
But as we've many wives to call our own,
A widower in Turkey's scarcely known.
For wives the Sultan's blessed wid o'er many,
But as for a Sultana, I've not any.
I want one though; and—don't think I make fun of you—
I've chosen her; but, ladies, it is none of you!

FAD. (*angrily*) Who is it, then?
MEER. A slave I bought to day.
Go, Bowlanstem, and bring Lulu this way.
[BOWLANSTEM *goes and returns with* LULU, *who makes great resistance.*

CONCERTED PIECE.

AIR—"Lulu is our darling pride."

MEER. Lulu, be my darling pride,
Lulu bright, Lulu gay,
That is, be the Sultan's bride.
LULU. Meerschaum, go away.
Why was I brought here
From my friends away;
Sultan, please let me go,
Back to Circass-ia.

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Lulu, as the Sultan's bride,
Will, we say, not be gay,
Therefore send the darling pride
Back to Circass-ia.
MEER. Refused! rejected! Sultan Meerschaum spurned!
Am I awake, or is my brain-box turned?
For what else, Miss, do you think you were bought?
LULU. I ask again, O, why am I here brought?
As I was walking out one day, a man
Seized me, "a gain you'll be," he said, and ran
Away with me. A slave-dealer was he,
And took me to the market of Turk*ee*.
FAD. Yes, mark it, she was stolen.
MEER. Very fine;
That won't do now. I've bought you, and you're mine.
Once more will you be my sultana?
LULU. Never!
MEER. Then in a prison you shall live for ever.
Guards, seize her, as I cannot say with Cæsar,
"Veni, vidi, vici."
LUC. Oh, let her free, sir.
MEER. (*furiously*) Peace, all of you. I'm going to "take the stage,"
Meerschaum the Merciless is in a rage.

FINALE.

AIR, Sultan's Polka (D'Albert).

MEER. Go! go! and take away
The girl who dared to me say "nay."
LULU. No, no, I beg and pray,
You'll send me to Circass-ia.
FAD. Oh! oh! just let me say,
Of hope for her there is no ray.
BOWL. Woe, Woe, if I've to play
The villain in the "Peep o' Day."
FAT. Sultan Meerschaum, pity show.
MORG. Oh! oh! oh!
LUC. Oh! oh! oh!
HIN. Surely he will let her go.
MEER. No! no!! no!!! No! no!! no!!!

CHORUS.—Woe, woe, unhappy day,
As they sing in the oper-*a*.
Go, go, in prison stay,
Poor Lulu of Circass-ia.

[BOWLANSTEM *and Guards dance out with* LULU. MEERSCHAUM *and Ladies of the Harem dance Polka until scene closes.*

ACT II.

A Prison—Practical window at back—Lulu discovered asleep—Bowlanstem unlocks doors, and enters as curtain rises.

BOWL. Yes, fast asleep; no doubt in land of dreams;
Ah me! ah me! how beautiful she seems!
Oh Bowlanstem, if you were only young;
But then you're not.
LULU (*waking*). I seemed to be among
My native hills. I seemed, I seemed to be
[*Sees* BOWLANSTEM.
A stranger here.
BOWL. Please, miss, it's only me.
LULU. One of the native 'ills of this countr*ee*.
BOWL. I hope you slept well.
LULU. Yes; for when I sleep
A sweet oblivion o'er me seems to creep.
I seem near my dear home once more to stray.
BOWL. Take my advice, Lulu, and sleep all day.
Dream of a mountaineer.
LULU. What do you mean?
BOWL. For on mountain ne'er more you'll be seen.
[*Exit.*
LULU. Alone, alone once more. What shall I do?
Escape's impossible for poor Lulu.
My troubles are so great the old walls ring of them,
I'm on the stage, though; so I'd better sing of them.

SONG.

AIR—"Mocking Bird."

I'm dreaming of a valley—a valley—a valley,
I'm dreaming of a valley
Where once I used to wander gay and free;
But like poor old Aunt Sally—Aunt Sally—Aunt Sally,
But, like poor old Aunt Sally,
I really have been treated shamefull*ee*.
[SELIM *whistles beneath window.*
Listen, listen, listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird's a singing on the tree.
Dear thoughts come o'er me stealing—stealing—stealing,
Dear thoughts come o'er me stealing
Of Selim, who was all the world to me;
And something keeps revealing—revealing—revealing,
And something keeps revealing
That with my Selim, dear, I soon shall be.
[SELIM *whistles as before.*
LULU. That can't be a mocking bird, a mocking bird,
A mocking bird a singing on a tree.
SEL. (*without*) No, it's not a mocking bird, a mocking bird,
A mocking bird a singing on a tree.
LULU. It's not a mocking bird, or lark, or starling.
That voice!—'tis he!
[SELIM *appears at window.*
SEL. (*entering*) 'Tis Selim!
O, my darling,
My pretty Lulu, my dear little pet,
My passion, too, we may be happy yet.
LULU. But tell me, Selim, howe'er did you find me.
SEL. I ran from home, dear; ne'er once looked behind me
Until I found you out; then, as you see,
I climbed — got through the window clever*lee*.
'Twill raise the wind, O if I here am found.
LULU. We will escape then; let's jump to the ground.
SEL. Too far, but never mind, we'll flight prepare for,
I've found my Lulu, and that's all *I* caré for.

TRIO.

AIR—"Turn on, Old Time." (Maritana.)

SEL. Turn on, old Time, thine hour glass,
'Tis vain in youth's bright day
To think how quickly, quickly pass
Thy sands, like life, away.
Why should we waste our time in tears
When love can sunshine show;
So let's enjoy life's golden years,
For soon we old will grow.
LULU. Yes, yes, old Time, thine hour-glass
Tells us we must not stay,
For if the Sultan here should pass,
He'd bear my love away.
O Selim dear, I have such fears,
If anyone should know
Who's here, you'd be a slave for years,
Then soon you old will grow.
[*Enter* FADEDRADA, *unperceived by the others.*]
FAD. Despite, old Time, thine hour-glass,
That tells us of decay,
I think I'm a good-looking-lass,
Reflecting all that's gay.
But people say that many years
I have seen gently flow,
Which gives me somewhat horrid fears
That soon I old will grow.
SEL. Hollo! Who's that?
FAD. Pray who are you, young man?
LULU. Have mercy! Help us—save us, if you can.
FAD. (*mysteriously*) I can!
LULU. You dear old thing.
FAD. But let me say,
The reason that I'll help you two away
Is this. The Sultan to me should be true.
He's not; and never will be, Miss, till you
Have left the place.
LULU. I hear the Sultan coming.
O, Selim! let's conceal him.
FAD. And he's humming
A comic song—ah! yes, it gives to me
A hidea.
LULU. (*to* SELIM) Hide dear!
FAD. Stop! There came to see
Us here last week an English lady, who
Gave me a London dress.
SEL. You mean to——
FAD. You
Must in it be disguised—the colour's blue.
Come quick.
LULU. Good bye.
SEL. Good bye; dear flow'r, sweet tea-rose.
I feel like one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes.
[*Exeunt* FADEDRADA *and* SELIM.
LULU. If he's found out; if they should harm my dear!
Enter SULTAN MEERSCHAUM.
MEER. (*aside*) She don't so very sad seem to appear
O won't you love me, pretty little beauty,
Come, say you will.
LULU. O, Sir, it is your duty
To let me go.
MEER. Do tie your heart to mine,
Just like we see them in a valentine.
Be Mrs. Meerschaum—there, I see a pun;
But I've an idea it has oft been done.
LULU. I shun you as I would a Hottentot
MEER. Her
Disdain but makes my love get hot and hotter.

DUET.

AIR.—"Aunt Sally."

MEER. I love sentiment*ally*,
Then why can't you love me?
LULU. O in my native valley
I wish that I could be.
MEER. It is no use your fretting,
Go back you never can.
LULU. O, Meerschaum, you are getting
A terribly hateful man.
MEER. Oh, hi, oh,
Pity me all who can;
For now I'm principally
A miserable sad man.
LULU. Oh, hi, oh,
Pity me all who can;
For isn't he, no re*ally*,
A terribly hateful man.
[*Repeat chorus ensemble.* MEERSCHAUM *dances out. Music changes.* FADEDRADA *and* SELIM (*disguised as the "Dark Girl dressed in Blue"*) *dance in at opposite side.*
FAD. SELIM, no more, In that s(e)lim youth's place you
May see the real sensation girl dressed in blue.
LULU. Why surely 'tis a case of necromancy.
FAD. A sure lie, Miss.
LULU. Why then it must be Nancy.
SEL. O Lulu, dear, it's me and only me,
Who, for a time, an English girl must be,
And if the Sultan comes ere I escape-a,
I'll say I belong to THE LADY'S PAPER,
If he complains, I can but be ejected;
But stop, they say "the public press excepted."
FAD. The Sultan gives a splendid fete to-day;
So p'rhaps 'twill be your fate to get away.
Mix in the crowd.
SEL. But, Fadedrada, mind,
I will not leave my dear Lulu behind.
FAD. Leave that to me; so now then to begin,
You two escape, and I'll the Sultan win.
O bliss! O joy!
SEL. Come, let us join the throng,
Though in burlesque we first must sing a song.

TRIO.

AIR,—"Shells of the Ocean,"

We will deceive the Sultan, though
If we're found out our fate is sure.
A dark girl dress'd in blue's a show
The harem's never seen before.
So let us join the throng so gay
Who live for pleasure, like a child;
And when Lulu is far away,
O won't old Meerschaum be beguiled.
[*Repeat last four lines p. p. as curtain falls.*

ACT III.

The Gardens of the Harem arranged for a fete. FATIMA, MORGEANNA, HINDA, LINDA, LUCINDA, and Ladies of the Harem discovered singing and dancing.

CHORUS.

AIR—"Ah che d'Amore" ("Barbiere di Siviglia").

Sunlight is streaming,
Bright eyes are beaming,
Music sounds so soft and sweetly,
Ballet girls are dancing fleetly.
All is to us here seeming
As if we were dreaming
Of bright fairyland; completely
Joyous is our festive day.

Enter BOWLANSTEM.

BOWL. Soon you'll see,
Clever*lee*,
Blondin on the tight rope walk;
Then there'll be
Minstrel*see*
With their faces blacked with cork;
Next you'll know
Stead, who'll go
Jumping up and down the "cure;"
To follow
Spurgeon's show,
That's his gorilla lecture.
CHORUS,—"Sunlight is streaming," &c.
[*Ladies continue dancing at back. Enter* MEERSCHAUM, *followed by* FADEDRADA, *of whom he does not take any notice.*
MEER. Is ev'rything prepared to make this fete day
One that will e'er be talked of as a great day
By our posterity.
BOWL. O great Sultan,
Your servants have done ev'rything they can
To make it so.
MEER. If not, they'll have to fear
For their base, worthless lives.
FAD. (*lovingly*) O, Sultan dear!
MEER. Don't bother now. (*To Slaves.*) Bring in my prisoner.
O mercy! don't I set a prize on her.
[*Exuent Slaves, who return with* LULU. *Band plays Polka p. p.*
BOWL. Come, ladies, take your places hastil*ee*.
FAD. (*approaching* MEERSCHAUM, *as if to dance*)
O, Sultan dear!
MEER. (*pushing her away*) Don't be insultan' me;
Or though the band strikes up, I'll strike you down.
Lulu, you'll dance with me?
FAD. Done brown! done brown!
LULU. I'd rather not.
MEER. Come this is what I vote hard,
I dote hard on you.
LULU. O, you silly dotard!
MEER. What's that I hear?
BOWL. O pardon her.
MEER. (*seizing* LULU.) You shall
Be my pard'oner.

Enter SELIM *as the Dark Girl in Blue.*

SEL. Or any other gal.
MEER. An English lady in this our retreat!
SEL. Meerschaum the Merciless how's your poor feet?
MEER. How came you here?
SEL. A visitor.
MEER. Where dwell you?
(*aside*) I'll visit her. I love her now.
SEL. I'll tell you.

CONCERTED PIECE.

AIR,—"Dark Girl dressed in Blue."

LULU. I'm saved I see.
FAD. You are, my dear;
And I shall queen be made.
BOWL. That forward English girl, I fear,
Puts Lulu in the shade.
SEL. From Albion's shores I've come away,
Great Sultan, to see you.
MEER. O tell me who you are, I pray?
SEL. I'm the Dark Girl dressed in Blue.
ALL. Such a fine girl, fol-de-riddle-i-do,
Such a charmer, fol-de-riddle-lay.
MEER. You'll dance this polka with me, miss,
SEL. With pleasure, sir, I will.
BOWL. I never saw the likes of this.
LULU. O, joy my heart doth fill!
MEER. To tell the truth I want a wife—
If you like I'll have you.
SEL. Well, "ask mamma," who rules the life
Of this dark girl dress'd in blue.
ALL. She's a fine girl, fol-de-riddle-i-do,
She's a charmer, fol-de-riddle-lay.

[*Polka. All dance except* MEERSCHAUM *and* SELIM.

MEER. Daughter of Albion—
SEL. (*interrupting*) Home of the free—
MEER. Will you be the Sultana of Turk*ee*?
SEL. You say you love me, but how can I know it?
MEER. If there's a way to show my love I'll show it.
SEL. Of some state secret make me accessory,
One you would not tell your private secretary.
MEER. I have no state one that I know—Ah! I've had
A private one.
SEL. Well, at it soon arrive.
MEER. Well, years ago I had a wife, but I
Found out she had committed bigamy,
So to get rid of her—but don't you tell—
I near the lime-trees pushed her down a well.
SEL. Well, Sultan, can you to the murder swear?
MEER. (*showing arm*). Look here, the marks of her thumb nails I bear.
SEL. Enough. Now, Sultan, you are in my power.
Good bye. [*Exit.*
MEER. O I must have been mad to show her,
She'll shower retribution on me. Help!
BOWLANSTEM, FADEDRADA, LULU *and ladies enter.*
BOWL. Is anything the matter?
MEER. Matter, whelp!
Of course there is, or else I shouldn't call,
Secure that girl in blue, or death to all.
FAD. O, Sultan, dear!
MEER. Be off! search everywhere,
And find that English lady.

Enter SELIM *in his own dress.*

SELIM (*a la Lagadere*) I am here!
And I am her!
LULU (*running to* SELIM) They *shall* not hurt you.
SELIM Right!
Like Robert Audley, I will——
MEER. (*drawing sword*) 'Audl'y. Fight.
Music.—MEERSCHAUM *and* SELIM *fight. The Sultan at last falls, and* SELIM *stands over him.*
SELIM Promise to let us both out of here, will you;
Or with my scimitar, old boy, I'll kill you.
MEER. All right; for as you seem it armless I—
Will be a case of stabbing. You may fly.
LULU O thank you, Sultan.
SELIM Lulu, darling, come;
At once let's hasten to our mountain home.
FAD. O, Sultan, dear!
MEER. There, I know what you mean;
So, Fadedrada, you shall be my queen.
FAD. O bliss!
LULU O joy!
BOWL. What more have we to say?
SELIM (*to audience*) Why, just to ask you if you like our play.
O say you do, and do not think us rash-a
In showing you our Fair Rose of Circassia.

FINALE.

AIR—"Off to Brighton."

ALL O please to say you like our play
Before the curtain's falling:
Indeed we've tried to make you gay—
It is the actor's calling.
The mission of Burlesque, you know,
Is hearts of care to l ghten;
So ere we go, O please to show
That we your thoughts can brighten.
Oh! dear! can't you hear the fiddles play,
[*Dance to next line.*
So let us see you look as gay as people going right on
In crowded trains on Easter Monday all the way to Brighton.
[*Repeat chorus and dance till curtain falls.*]

JOHN CHURCHILL BRENAN.

A FRENCHMAN'S OPINION OF ENGLISH GIRLS.—This is the cry of rapture which a distinguished French writer, M. Taine, raises after contemplation of the young ladies of England:—"Nothing more simple than the young girls. Among lovely things there are few so lovely in the world; well-shaped, strong, sure of themselves, so thoroughly sound and open, so exempt from coquetry. Impossible, unless one has seen it, to imagine this freshness, this innocence. Many of them are flowers—flowers just bursting into bloom; only the morning rose, with its pure and delightful tints, with its petals studded with dew-drops, can give an idea of it. Far in advance this of the beauty of the South, with its distinct, finished, fixed outlines, constituting a definite design. Here all reminds us of the fragility, delicacy, and continual flow of life; eyes full of candour, blue as violets, looking without consciousness of what they are looking at; at the slightest emotion the blood diffusing itself over the cheeks, the neck, even down to the shoulders, in purple-tinted waves; you see emotions flitting in these transparent flashes like the varying tints that play upon the meadows; and this virgin purity is so genuine that you feel an impulse to lower your eyes in respect. And yet, all natural and artless as they are, they are not languid and listless; they enjoy and can bear active service like their brothers: with their hair floating in the wind, they are to be seen, when only six years old, galloping on horseback, and taking long walks. In this country a life of action fortifies the phlegmatic temperament, and the heart becomes more simple while the body is becoming more round."

Remnants of the Olden Yuletide.

"GOOD old times," you say; because you carry in your mind's eye some vividly got-up picture of the Lord of Misrule in all his power, and the huge log being hauled into the baronial hall amid roars of revelry, the roystering of the lads, and the merriment of the lasses. "Our forefathers were a hearty race of men." Of course they were. *They* did not spend their Christmas-eve over their scuttle of "best Wallsend," cracking kiln-dried walnuts; or in endeavouring to accommodate their interiors with indigestible fruits and small glasses of "dry peculiar" at twenty shillings a dozen. No, indeed! if we may credit the traditions handed down; they partook of an early supper off rounds of beef, boars' heads, drank wine by the butt, and of strong humming ale no end. Those days have passed away, so let us count up what remains. There are the usual charities and decorations, the waits, the goose and pudding, followed by the French for goose—I don't mean Cockle's antibilious pills. Then we have the coloured cards at twopence each, with the compliments of the season issuing from a robin's mouth, &c., and a dance, of course. Is there anything more connected with the customs of Christmas? I don't think!—Ah! there is the long column in the papers telling us what the paupers had for dinner at the London workhouses, and the pantomimes. But where are all the customs gone? Shall we find any remaining in this advanced age? Oh, dear, yes. Spend in imagination a Christmas with me, reader, in a quiet country village of Yorkshire, and see what we have here: and while the yule log is burning, which that old man brought as a humble present just now, we will have our fireside chat about what used to happen in these parts, and what will happen this Christmas. You love the good old times? Then listen to this:—Old Leland, the antiquarian, tells us in his "Itinerary," "that in the City of York the Sheriffs made proclamation, in the name of the King, that all people should keep the peace within the city and suburbs by night and by day. Also that no common woman walks in the streets without a gray hood on her head and a white wand in her hand." Then, again, the sheriffs, after they had been to hear mass on St. Thomas's-day at All Saints Church on the Pavement, rode about in procession with trumpets, and part of their proclamation was: "Also that all manner of—well, never mind, call them lewd persons—thieves, dice players, carders, and all other unthrifty folk, be welcome to the town whether they come late or early, at the high feast of Yule—till the twelve days be passed." Good old times, eh? That yule log, as they call it, is a remnant of the past. But even now, see our customs. The first sign of the coming festival is the "vestal cup," on the sight of which you lay in a stock of pence and small change, for there will be no peace till the second day of January at least.

This wonderful cup is now generally made of a "Warren's" blacking or other box, stuffed with wool or shavings to make a bed, and in it is laid a penny doll, with a tiny little head underneath the clothes beside, to represent the Virgin Mary and Child. This is presented with a Carol accompaniment, and of course it must be paid for. But Christmas-eve! there will be no rest to night. First will come the "lucky bird" about twelve o'clock. Of course the "bird" must be let in and have something to eat, or you will have bad luck all the following year. Fancy my amazement when I first heard the voice of the "lucky bird"—just getting into a warm and comfortable doze. It was a pitch dark night, and bitterly cold, when bang! thump!! bang!!! again at the front door. I rush frantically to the window, throw it open, peer into the dark night, and exclaim wildly "What's the matter, fire? thieves?" (By-the-bye I didn't remember any candle burning, and the doors, I knew, were locked.) A plaintive voice replies in doleful accents:—

"I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,
A pocketfull of money and a cellar full of beer,
Two fat pigs and a new calven cow,
Master and Mistress how do you do?
Please will you give me a Christmas box?"

Fancy me, a solitary bachelor in lodgings, having to stand at an open window to listen to that. But that was not all, the "lucky bird" would persist in repeating his statement till I was wearied into giving a promise of recompense. Now the Waits are heard approaching, bass viol, clarionet, a dozen men and boys, and most likely a shaky female voice. There will be three parties at least tramping it five, ten, or fifteen miles to-night, and the money will go to the Missionaries, the Wesleyans most likely. Then there are the Church lads with their Carols, their utterances must first be given in their village choir before the merriment of street singing makes them husky. Boxing-day brings its claimants in the shape of boys only. But what have we here? Two stout lads with a large wicker clothes basket containing a neatly folded cloth inside, on which are laid two uninviting cheese-cakes; of these you are requested not to partake and of course you don't, but again you give. This probably is the nearly extinct reminder of the "Hagmend," and as the bearers have nothing to say for themselves we give a fragment of the Yorkshire Hagmend song as it occurs in Brand's Antiquities:—

To-night, it is the new year's night, to-morrow is the day,
And we are come for our right, and for our ray,
As we used to do it in old King Henry's day:
Sing, fellows, sing hag-man-ha!

If you go to the bacon-flick, cut me a good bit,
Cut, cut, and low, beware of your maw;
Cut, cut, and round, beware of your thumb,
That me and my merry men may have some.
Sing, fellows, sing hag-man-ha!

If you go to the black ark [old flour bin] bring me ten marks,
Ten marks, ten pound, throw it down upon the ground,
That me and my merry men may have some.
Sing, fellows, sing hag-man-ha!

But we have not quite done yet. A knock at the door, and the servant comes to say that the ploughboys have arrived. Ploughboys, *alias* a lot of farm lads, some with masks, others with grotesque apparel; mummers in fact. They, too, have nothing to say, but shake a box in your face, and expect a pretty good dole. Last of all, the New Year's Eve, with the master and mistress's "How do you do?" again, for which you have the pleasure of paying the girls their Christmas-box on New Year's Day, and the boys an additional one, if you think fit.

M.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

"To Adam Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is Paradise."—*Guesses at Truth.*

STILL gleams the radiance of the herald star
That lit with splendour soft old Bethlehem's plain;
Its hallowed sheen dispels each darkening cloud,
And bids life's bickerings cease—joy smile again.

How many a sad and grief-crushed spirit yearns
To snatch one ray of light in hope's decline;
The sin-stained, creeping to the door, would cry,
"Father, forgive me!it is Christmas time."

See yonder hovel, dreary, lone, and sad,
Where want and death hold carnival forlorn;
Oh, weary ones, stay, stay awhile your toil!
The bells are pealing, it is Christmas' dawn.

Long-severed friends will cluster round the hearth,
Grasp ready hands, forget all past alarms;
And love-knit families gather closer still,
Fair children nestle in their fathers' arms.

"Peace! peace!" the angels have proclaimed on earth,
"Goodwill to man" doth rise in accents clear;
Haste, parted ones, rejoice in fond embrace,
Then raise your thoughts to greetings yet more dear.

G. A. H.

CHRISTMAS.

SCENES of holy joy and sacred mirth;
Of "tidings glad" to set sin's captive free,
Since angels sang, "Good-will to all on earth,"
Alike of low-born as of high degree.
I touch my lyre, of yore no fabled strings,
The mind is now the lyre that wakes of thee to sing.

Fancy would paint thee CHRISTMAS, ancient sire,
Crown'd with the yule cake and the wassail-bowl;
Gay, happy faces round the yew-tree fire,
Keeping the feast of "reason and of soul;"
With minstrel music and with masking minds,
And all the pageant pomps that marked thine earlier times.

The oaken table, heap'd with solid cheer,
The boar's head decked with sprigs of holly gay,
The silver tankard filled with well-spiced beer,
Whose draught could steal e'en wisdom's brains away.
The china bowl, whence many a draught went round,
While harmless jest and mirth each circling goblet crowned.

The merry gambols when the feast was done,
With games and forfeits (to the lover dear,
For the coy kiss from bashful maiden won),
The wishes kind to bless the coming year.
Such were the scenes that sped thine hours away,
When hearts and doors op'd wide,—such was thine olden day.

Those "olden days" have ceased; for aye have passed
From us their glories, save (as now) a gleam,
From the cold depth of years, awhile doth cast
Its dim remembrance on the poet's dream.
Still in these later times, 'neath modern domes,
Though shorn of all its pomps, we joy when CHRISTMAS comes.

For friends assemble round the social board,
Hands clasp,—lips meet,—that have been severed long;
And joyous schoolboys, to their homes restor'd,
Round the bright hearth with boisterous greetings throng.
While sober Age looks on with pleasing pain,
And dreams its sunny hour of childhood o'er again.

CHRISTMAS! What mem'ries from the fount of Time
Dost *thou* call up within the musing mind?
The lov'd—the lost (by death or distant clime
For ever sunder'd) in the heart enshrined!
Some who were wont to deck with "mystic bough"
And dearer smiles our hearth, ah, *they* are absent *now.*

In every house there stands *some* empty chair—
Some link has dropt from Love's bright chain away
Since last we met the season's mirth to share—
Some face whose smile hath at our board held sway,
Now in our bosom's void, and circle's space
Has left a fond regret and a deserted place.

What calls the mem'ry back of those we lov'd,
Like those home scenes at which each was a guest?
Some trusted friend (now faithless) far remov'd—
Some idol of the heart too much caress'd—
Some blessing *lent*, by Heaven recall'd, to show
What broken reeds are all we lean on here below—

Steal o'er the mind (like home's sweet music heard
By the lone exile in a stranger land);
Then the deep fountains of the heart are stirr'd
And from its streams rush forth the pent-up band
Of crushed affections—'mid life's brightest scene
The shadowy spectres rise of "joys that once have been.

Tis meet it *should* be so; earth was not made
For sunshine only—but for clouds and storm,
Thrice happy they who, passing through its shade,
Have timely learn'd their hopes aright to form,
Who view life's brightest gems as talents given,
For which, as stewards here, we must account to Heaven.

CHRISTMAS, I now dismiss thee, fruitful theme,
That has beguiled me of a weary hour;
The muse who watches o'er the Poet's dream
Hath held me long a captive in her bower;
'Tis time I woke and burst her magic spell—
Season of Hope and Peace, I bid thee now farewell!

M. B. C. W.

The Altar of Fashion.

WHAT IS WORN IN PARIS, WHAT WE WEAR IN LONDON, AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO WEAR.

CHRISTMAS is almost upon us, and everyone is needing dinner or evening dresses, or both. Dressmakers are taxed beyond their capabilities, and many ladies will be disappointed. Most of our readers have, no doubt, remarked, with surprise, that it is more difficult than ever to get orders executed by dressmakers, and are regretfully aware that the price of needlework has advanced nearly half as much again as the old prices, and this in spite of machinery and keen competition. The former, it was rumoured, would make an entire revolution in toilette matters; everything was to be done so cheaply, and, by consequence, hundreds of seamstresses were to be starving. Matters have not evolved as we had expected. On the contrary, in order to equalise the effects of celerity in machine work, the fashion of elaborate trimmings and embroidery has been introduced, so that if a yard of work, once worth 6d., now costs but 1d., yet six, or even a dozen yards are necessary where one formerly sufficed. However, machine work does not come so inexpensive as was supposed. A penny a yard is, we believe, the usual charge for work. A dress skirt with six seams a yard and a half long, measuring five and a half yards round the hem, and bound with braid, will cost at least 1s. 8d. made by machinery; previously skirts were made for the dressmakers for 6d. and 8d., by young girls. But the real cause of expense and delay are not—the latter never could be—found in machine work. The truth is, that girls and young women will no longer work the same number of hours as formerly. Neither extra pay, persuasion, nor dread of wanting employment, can induce them. They leave off four hours earlier than was once customary. Whether in this they are right or wrong, is a wide question we shall leave to the discussion of others. It is, at all events, a movement consonant with the female tendency of the present day, and, undoubtedly, the result of the present system of education of the masses. From the same source comes the lack of domestic servants, and their disinclination to work when engaged. It is difficult now to get servants to rise in time to procure the eight o'clock breakfast for the master who attends business, and the children who must go to school. Still more difficult during the day to get the right amount of scouring and cleaning performed; bright grates may rust, and few will trouble with polishing furniture. Amongst those above them, in the same way, the grown-up daughters will no longer dust about, and make a bed or two—indeed beds that need shaking are little used—and still less take a needle and sew. They, too, have been more educated, and a sensational romance, or a series of visits, offer more congenial ways of killing time. Meanwhile Betsy and Elizabeth below stairs are engaged with *Reynolds' Miscellany*, and the boy in buttons is practising photography in the pantry (limited). Without doors the same feeling prevails. Laundresses have machines for washing, wringing, and starching, brushes for tearing expensive work, and chemicals for burning fine linen. Manual labour is not to be thought of. Many of them do not commence work before Thursday, taking Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday as holidays. The clothes are sodden in colour, streaky and unequal, the ironing is badly performed, and the price twice and three times what was once the tariff of cleansing. For all superior articles ladies now resort to the cleaner, who charges exorbitantly for a small service. We were recently mulcted of nearly five shillings for cleaning a simple muslin body and petticoat slip. Thus it is, more than in material and style, that fashions have become expensive. Again, if good taste, good sense, and perhaps length of purse, induce a lady to wish plainly-made garments—and nothing is more thrifty than really good materials simply constructed—scarcely any dressmaker worthy of the name can be induced to perform the service. Neither do they wish ready-money payments. A sensible woman moving in a sphere of society where well dressing is a necessity, should purchase well chosen, superior fabrics, which should be made with little superfluous ornament, but exquisite style of art. She should arrange beforehand with regard to cost, and pay her bill on the delivery of the dress, after trying it on. Such customers are hardly wanted. In the first place, the dressmaker will not, if she can possibly help it, name a price. Then she wishes no immediate settlement of her account, which in the case of overcharge would include her *conge*. No, the bill is to run as long as possible. Dress after dress, trifle after trifle, is to be executed, the customer meanwhile lured on under the plea, "Oh! ma'am, it will be *very* little." And in the end, lo! there comes a chronicle of monetary obligations the poor foolish victim dreads to show to father or husband, as long as she can possibly endure in secret the dunning persecution that follows. We emphatically insist that every dress should be paid for when brought home, and that persons of limited income should find their own garnitures, and steadily refuse to deal with those who will not accommodate their views. In doing so, however, they should not begrudge a fair and *very ample* price for the actual make of the dress. Is it not better, is it not encouraging a more honest system to pay for work as good work deserves to be payed, than to force the seamstress to trickery to get a fair remuneration? And trickery, once commenced, will not stop at acquiring a fair return. Let a lady consider how many stitches there are in a dress, how long it must take to do them, and how willing she, herself, would be to make it at the price she offers. Ten shillings is not too much to give for a plain silk, or eight or nine for a well-made woollen dress; but if frills and pleats, and beads and bands, are to be added, woman ought not to expect woman to give such extra labour without extra pay. It is often the fault of the men of the family that dressmaking obligations as these are not liquidated as incurred; and such will pay dearly for it, although they unjustly blame daughter or wife. Every woman should be allowed a certain sum, paid quarterly, for her toilette expenses, and not suffered to go vaguely to work, unknowing what her actual resources are likely to prove. A regular income allowed for dress need prove no barrier to a man's generosity, because if means allow and inclination prompts, he can always make some extra present on a birthday or a Christmas time, or as a pledge of approbation for some deserving action.

But to give a few details of toilettes. Dinner dresses and demi-toilettes are still frequently cut with square fronts open round the neck. These are shaped almost as low behind as before, and a chemisette is worn with them. A white bodice may be added under the chemisette in cold weather. For those whose health is too delicate to risk this, a square of lace of a similar shape to the square cut out of the body, coming to the shoulder on either side, and appearing like a cape or deep collar, is very dressy and becoming to the figure. This style, although not inappropriate for elderly ladies, is becoming for younger ones of two or three and twenty years of age. It may not be out of place to explain the word "demi-toilette" for the benefit of any readers who do not quite understand the phrase. It means a true, tasty, and useful kind of dress which is worn for informal social meetings that are not set parties,—such as the family dinner, the tea party, and the invitation when we are told that "a few friends are expected." Although trimmings on the seams are the prevailing style, some round the hem are worn, such as a band or two of silk, and a fringe. For evening dresses, *berthes* are cut nearly equal all round, and not very deep. Horizontal folds of tulle may be used, or puffs of the same material, either horizontal or perpendicular in arrangement. The latter form suits the small *berthe* best. Between each puff a band of trimming should be placed, and a fringe, blond lace sprinkled with pearls, or loops of beads, added all round the edge. A pretty bright appearance may be given to tarlatan if used for a *berthe*, by looping narrow satin ribbon across each puff or *bullionnée*, at regular intervals. The waist of evening dresses is cut round and very short. In our next article on Fashions, we intend giving descriptions of some pretty and easily-made tarlatan dresses.

COOKERY.

JUGGED HARE, MARINADED.—The hare should be cut into small pieces, about the size of eggs, and put into a bowl, with half water and half vinegar to cover it; four teaspoonfuls of salt and one of pepper, four of brown sugar, two onions cut into slices, a little thyme, a bay leaf, cloves, peppercorns; turn them now and then for four days. Cook as for a jugged hare.

ISINGLASS AND GELATINE FOR JELLIES.—Dissolve two ounces of isinglass in half a pint of water; boil and reduce to half, pass through a cloth into a basin, use when required. Gelatine may be used in the same way. The stock of two calves' feet, reduced to half a pint, may be used instead of isinglass; it will make it cheaper. The stock of cow-heel can also be used.

BOHEMIAN CREAM.—Prepare four ounces of any fruit which will pass through a sieve, and one ounce and a half of *melted* isinglass to half a pint of fruit; mix it well, whip up a pint of cream, and add the fruit and isinglass gradually to it; put it into a mould; let it set on ice, or in any cool place, and when ready dip the mould into warm water and turn out.

ORANGE JELLY.—Procure two fine oranges and one lemon, take the rind off the two oranges and half of the lemon, and remove the pith, put them in a basin, and squeeze the juice and fruit into it; then put a quarter of a pound of sugar into a stewpan, with half a pint of water, and set it to boil until it becomes a syrup; then take it off, and add the juice and rind of the fruits; cover the stewpan and place it on the fire; as soon as boiling commences, skim well, and add a gill of water by degrees, which will assist its clarification; let it boil another minute, when add an ounce and a half of isinglass dissolved; pass it through a jelly bag, or fine sieve, add a few drops of prepared cochineal to give an orange tint, and then fill a mould and place it on ice; turn out as before. This jelly does not require to look very clear.

Court and Fashionable News.

COURT.

The Queen, their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Henry of Prussia arrived at Osborne on Saturday, at ten minutes before three o'clock. Her Majesty crossed over from Gosport in the Royal yacht Alberta. Captain, His Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen.

The Queen and Princess Louise walked and drove in the grounds on Monday morning. Prince and Princess Christian walked out, and Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice went out also.

Friday of last week being the anniversary of the Queen's great sorrow, Her Majesty, accompanied by the Royal Family, went in the morning to the Royal mausoleum at Frogmore, and remained there some time. The Dean of Windsor attended and read prayers and portions of Scripture selected for the occasion. After the Queen's return to the Castle, the mausoleum was, by Her Majesty's command, opened for all the members of the household, including the servants, residents within the Castle, and most of Her Majesty's tradesmen in Windsor, to visit it.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales remained in strict retirement on the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort.

Prince Henry, one of the children of the Prince of Prussia, is to reside with our Queen in England for a considerable period.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh, with the Countess of Macclesfield, General Knollys, Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, and Lieutenant Haig, attended Divine service on Sunday morning, at Sandringham Church. The Rev. W. Lake Onslow, M.A., Rector of Sandringham, officiated and preached.

It is understood that several expected visits in the neighbourhood have been postponed in consequence of the continued indisposition of the Prince of Wales.

The Princess of Wales is in excellent health.

Their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise and Prince Leopold attended Divine service at Whippingham Church on Sunday. The Rev. George Prothero officiated.

General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust had the honour of an audience of Her Majesty at Windsor Castle last week, and presented a copy of "Lives of the Warriors of the Civil Wars of France and England," which Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept.

FASHIONABLE.

The Countess of Caledon has arrived at Caledon-park, county Tyrone. Her ladyship is not expected to return to England till February, to resume her duties as Lady in Waiting upon Her Majesty.

Lord Brougham has left town for Cannes, *viâ* Paris.

It is understood that Lord Alfred Paget and family will leave Melford Hall, Suffolk, shortly after Christmas, Her Majesty having granted his lordship the Great Lodge, at Bushey-park, which was at one time occupied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. During his residence at Melford Lord Alfred Paget has rendered himself highly popular to the neighbourhood, and he has on two occasions entertained members of the Royal Family.

ARRIVALS.

Lord and Lady Headley and the Hon. Misses Winn have arrived at Bramham Biggin, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, from Aghadoe House, county Kerry, Ireland, to pass the Christmas.

The Countess of Jersey and Mr. Brandling have arrived in Paris, where they will remain till after Christmas.

The Marchioness of Hastings and Lady Constance Marsham, and Viscount Falkland, have arrived at the St. George's Hotel.

Lady Augusta Seymour has arrived at Brown's Hotel.

Colonel Lord Alexander Russell has arrived in England on leave of absence from his regiment, the Rifle Brigade, 1st Battalion, now stationed in Canada.

DEPARTURES.

The Earl of Glasgow has left the St. George's Hotel.

The Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells has left the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde-park-corner, for the Palace, Wells.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

On Saturday last the marriage of the Hon. W. C. Evans-Freke, second brother of Lord Carbery, and the Lady Victoria Cecil, the youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, was solemnised at St. Martin's Church, Stamford, in the presence of a large family party. At half-past two o'clock the bride and bridegroom left the Marquis of Exeter's seat for Brisbrook Hall, near Uppingham, to pass the honeymoon. The bride's presents were very numerous, and many of them most costly. Among the principal were a valuable Indian shawl from the Queen (the bride was a godd-daughter of the Prince Consort); a superb diamond suite of earrings, butterfly brooch, and *sevigné* from her husband; a superb diamond ring and a brougham from the Marquis of Exeter; and a costly mounted dressing-case from the Marchioness of Exeter.

APPROACHING MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

The marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Lennox Peel (Scots Fusilier Guards) to the Hon. Caroline Stapleton Cotton (daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Combermere), is arranged to take place at Combermere Abbey about the end of this month.

A marriage is arranged to take place between the Hon. Victor Montagu, second son of the Earl of Sandwich, and Lady Agneta Yorke, the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke.

The marriage of Miss Barrington will take place in the spring. Miss Barrington is daughter of the Hon. G. Barrington, grand-daughter of Mrs. George Mildmay, and niece to Mrs. Alfred Bulkeley, Sir Henry Mildmay, Viscount Bolingbroke, Lord Methuen, being her uncles, and the Earl of Radnor her great-uncle, his Lordship being in his eighty-eighth year.

The marriage, announced some time back between the Hon. Reginald Sackville West, second son of the Earl and Countess Delawarr, and heir to the barony of Buckhurst, with Miss Baillie Cochrane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Baillie Cochrane, and grand-daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Cochrane, will not take place till February.

OBITUARY.

The death is announced of Sophia Davy, widow of General Sir William Gabriel Davy, Bart., C.B., who died ten years since. Her ladyship, who was born in 1811, was the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard-Fountayne Wilson, of Melton, Yorkshire, by the third daughter of Mr. George Osbaldiston, of Hutton Bushel, near Northallerton.

We have to announce the death of Lady Anna Maria Dawson, for many years Lady of the Bedchamber to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Her Ladyship was the only surviving daughter of John, Earl of Portarlington, and granddaughter of the Earl of Bute, Prime Minister to George III.

We have to announce the death of the Dowager Lady Chesham, who died at her daughter's (Lady Dacre's) seat, The Hoo, Welwyn, Herts. The late Catherine Dowager Lady Chesham was the eldest daughter of George, ninth Marquis of Huntly, by his wife Catherine, second daughter of the late Sir Charles Cope, Bart., and was born 29th December, 1792. Her ladyship married, 18th June, 1814, the Hon. Charles Compton Cavendish, fourth son of George, twelfth Earl of Burlington, and uncle of the present Duke of Devonshire, who in 1858 was created Baron Chesham. By her the late peer had issue the present Lord Chesham and two daughters, Lady Dacre and the Countess of Strafford.

On Saturday the remains of the lamented Countess Fortescue, whose sudden death we announced in our last, were interred in the family vault of Earl Fortescue, at Filleigh Church, which is situated about three-quarters of a mile from Castle Hill, Devonshire, and the event will be long remembered by the large assemblage which the private virtues, the great benevolence, and amiability of disposition of the deceased, or respect for the noble earl and sympathy for his loss, had attracted to witness it, as the saddest that the sacred edifice has witnessed for many years.

The death is announced of Lady Isabella Blackford, a daughter of the third Duke of Grafton, at the advanced age of eighty. She was born on the 17th of November, 1786, and was married in August, 1812, to Mr. Barrington Pope-Blackford, of Osborne, Isle of Wight, who died on the 14th of May, 1816.

FOREIGN COURTS.

The Duchess Malakoff has received from the hands of the Queen of Spain the Order of Mary Louisa.

The Countess Anna Apponyi, *née* Zichy, mother of the Counts Charles and George Apponyi, has just died at Presburg, aged 86.

The Constantinople journal, the *Turquie* announces the birth of a daughter to the Sultan, and states that she is to bear the name of the Princess Eminee.

The Queen, having visited the Windsor Infirmary, has sent a letter to the secretary to say how pleased she was with all she saw there. Her Majesty has since sent six brace of pheasants for the patients, and desired General Seymour to call and inquire how many of them were allowed by the doctors to have the game for dinner. The General had the satisfaction of reporting that only one unlucky individual was prohibited from profiting by her Majesty's kindness.

Lord Shaftesbury and the Ritualistic Movement.—The Earl of Shaftesbury, writing under the influence of considerable alarm at the progress of the ritualistic movement, says, "It is said—and truly said—that the laity have the power in their own hands. No doubt; but will they come forward and exercise it? Will they address their bishops, memorialise their clergy, leave no abuse unnoticed, sustain one another, and sink all minor differences to subserve the common cause? If they will do this, we shall be secure. If from a variety of reasons they decline to do so, a miracle alone, and nothing else, will save the Reformation in Great Britain."

Religious Intelligence.

Mr. Beresford Hope has accepted office as Vice-President of next year's Church Congress.

It is proposed to erect schools in some of the hills and plains of India, as a memorial to the late Bishop of Calcutta.

There is a Christian church in Southern India, the bell of which was made of the metal idols brought by native converts to the missionaries for that purpose.

Mr. Hubbard, M.P., and the Rev. J. Gibbs, of Clifden Hampden, have guaranteed the cost of sending out a missionary to the Orange Free State, and of maintaining him there.

At St. John's Church, Waterloo-road, the following notice has been posted up: "All the sittings in this church are free." Although St. John's is in the diocese of Winchester, it is within the area of the operations of the London Free and Open Church Association.

The *John Bull* states that Earl Beauchamp has conferred the living of Dymock, Gloucestershire, on the Rev. W. Baird, who has laboured so assiduously in poor parishes in the East-end of London, and has generously undertaken considerably to augment the endowment.

The Keble Memorial.—We hear that the diocese of Toronto has unanimously decided to combine their contributions with those of the College scheme. Various plans for raising a local memorial to Mr. Keble had been discussed, but the Oxford College was considered the best. The amount of this fund already reaches the sum of £31,000.

The Rev. Dr. Moberly, late head master of Winchester College, has been presented with the rectory of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, by the Bishop of Winchester. A former rector of Brightstone was the present Bishop of Oxford, to whom the living was given by Lord Brougham when Lord Chancellor.

A Lady in the Pulpit.—Services said to have been attended with much blessing in the conversion of souls have recently been held by a highly accomplished young lady, from Norwich, Miss Octavia Jary, in various parts of London. Her discourses are characterised by much earnestness, fluency, and spiritual power, and their effect is heightened by her attractive and youthful appearance, and graceful address. In addition to an exceedingly prepossessing countenance, she has a musical and well-modulated voice.

The Rev. J. Buckmaster, Vicar of Wandsworth, has offered to give a site for the proposed new parish of Kensington, on condition that it shall be pewed throughout, with only the accustomed out-of-the-way and hole-and-corner free seats for those who are not fortunate enough to secure appropriated places. Some influential gentlemen residing in Kensington are taking the matter up very warmly, and as it will be necessary to carry a bill through Parliament for the erection of the new church, the matter is likely to be keenly contested.

The *Patriot*, in commenting on the retirement of Bishop Ellicott from his official position, in connection with the Bible Society, which we notified last week, sees, or thinks it sees, the reason. "We can only suppose," it remarks, "that the Bishop of Gloucester, having gradually developed into a sacramentarian and ritualist, thinks it improper any longer to help and countenance a society which seeks to put the Word of God, without note or comment, into the hands of all men."

At a semi-annual conference of the Mormons, recently held at Salt Lake, Brigham Young gave an address, which is published in the *Deseret News*. Here is a specimen:—"The last time I was in the city of Lowell, there were 14,000 more females than males in that one city. This is many years ago. They live and die in a single state, and are forgotten. Have they filled the measure of their creation, and accomplished the designs of heaven in bringing them upon earth? No, they have not. Two thousand good God-fearing men should go there, and take to themselves seven wives apiece. It is written in the Bible, 'and in that day seven women shall lay hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach.'" The "Prophet" further states, officially, of course, that "the Government of the United States do not intend that that prophecy should be fulfilled, and the Lord Almighty means that it shall." To what further length will he dare to go?

Lines for the Thoughtful.

But 'twas a public feast, and public day,
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And everybody out of their own sphere.—*Byron.*

The turnpike road to people's hearts I find,
Lies through their stomachs, or I mistake mankind.—*Pindar.*

Of earthly goods the best is a good wife;
A bad the bitterest curse of human life.
Simonides.

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!—*Moore.*

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason joined.
Hammond.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make woman proud;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.
Shakespeare.

Dross has a moral effect upon the industry of mankind.—*Sir J. Barrington.*

Processions, cavalcades, and all that fund of gay frippery furnished out by tailors, barbers, and tirewomen, mechanically influence the mind into veneration. An emperor in his night-cap would not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a crown.—*Goldsmith.*

Celestial happiness! whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven,—the bosom of a friend,
Where heart meets heart;
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Young.

Oh, Heaven! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times,
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea.

O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him downward die.
Shakespeare.

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
Byron.

Ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,—
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentations.
Shakespeare.

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

[By giving insertion to communications we do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions of the writers.]

THE USE OF THE ROD.

To the Editor of "The Lady's Own Paper."

Sir,—As you invite correspondence with reference to "Julie's" inquiry about the use of the rod, I send you a short extract, which may be not the less interesting that it does not relate to boarding schools. It is taken from a work entitled "The Governess," published by Houlston and Wright, and which, though it bears no author's name on its title-page, is understood to have been written by the late Sir James Stephen:—"A Royal pupil was guilty, not only of disobedience, but of insult to her governess. She met rebuke by the haughty and petulant reply: 'You forget the distance between us.' The lady who had charge of her was highly educated and blest with much decision of mind; she had been cautioned at the commencement of her official duty, that all personal chastisement was out of the question with a pupil of such high dignity, but, nevertheless, the parents being absent, she took upon herself to administer such corporeal punishment as the offence and the years of the offender warranted; and having so done she reported the affair to the mother at the first opportunity; the answer was most becoming: 'You have acted rightly, and I thank you for it. I am glad I was absent, for I dare not have authorised it, but I am obliged to you for showing such resolution and such good sense;' and the weight of the obligation was, in after years, fully compensated, more substantially than by words."—Allow me to remark that the use of the rod is an interesting subject, and deserving of full and comprehensive illustration by the statement of actual cases and results of its beneficial use and of its abuse.—I am, Sir, yours very truly,

ALIQUIS.

To the Editor of "The Lady's Own Paper."

Sir,—I think I may be able to give "Julie" some information with regard to the use of the rod in Ladies' Schools, in which she, in common with many others, both teachers and parents, is greatly interested. My two daughters went to finish their education at a school in Hampshire, where there were about forty pupils, of ages varying from twelve to twenty years. The system pursued there was as follows:—For an ordinary offence, an imposition was given, but if the offence were repeated, the offender was sent into the principal's study after the morning lessons the next day, where she was made to lie across an ottoman, and the principal gave her from ten to fifteen stripes with the birch rod. For any more serious offence this punishment was awarded in the first case, but if the offender was again guilty of the same or a similar serious offence, the punishment was more severe. She was sent to the lady's maid to have some portion of her clothing removed, she was then made to lie across a desk in the class-room, and the principal gave her from ten to twenty stripes with the birch or small cane in the presence of the whole of the first and second classes, the junior teacher having raised her clothing. All pupils were alike subject to this punishment, and my daughter tells me that she has seen a pupil nearly nineteen years of age so treated. The principal was a very amiable woman, and much loved by her pupils.

I think the subject is one of considerable importance to the cause of education. Perhaps some other of your readers may be able to give further information?—Wishing you every success,

I remain, yours, &c.,

Ivy Lodge, Shepherd's Bush. E. H. B.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, with MR. JOHN PARRY, in their highly successful entertainment, entitled, "A YACHTING CRUISE;" to be followed by the "WEDDING BREAKFAST," by Mr. John Parry. Every Evening (except Saturday), at 8; Saturday only at 3.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street. Unreserved Seats, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Stall Chairs, 5s. Stalls can now be secured without fee. The Gallery has been entirely re-decorated, and is now ventilated on an improved system.

NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 218, High Holborn. Open every evening. This very spacious and elegant establishment, having been entirely re-decorated, presents a *coup d'œil* of unequalled splendour. The Grand Band, conducted by Mr. W. M. Packer, will perform nightly a choice selection of operatic and dance music.—Open at half-past 8, close at 12. Admission throughout, reading-room, smoking-room, &c., One Shilling.

MADAME STODARE, widow of the late Colonel Stodare, begs to announce that the THEATRE OF MYSTERY, Egyptian Hall, is NOW OPEN for the Season. Madame Stodare will have the honour to give the "Sphinx," "Marvel of Mecca," and "Basket Trick," assisted by Mr. Firbank Burman (pupil of the late Colonel Stodare), in Colonel Stodare's Royal Entertainment of Magic.—Admission, 1s. and 2s.; stalls, 3s., which may be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, from ten till five; and at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.—Mr. James Weaver, Manager.

ARTEMUS WARD.—EGYPTIAN HALL.—EVERY EVENING (Saturday excepted) at 8 P.M. DOORS open at half-past 7. Saturday Afternoon at 3.—Owing to the great success of ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE MORMONS, seats should be secured early at the Box Office; at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; or at Austin's Ticket Office at St. James's Hall.

Our Letter Basket.

IGNORAMUS.—Our present number is the best answer your question could receive.

RAMBLER.—Thanks for your kind offer; but the style of writing was scarcely suitable for our pages.

ESMERALDA.—Soda has not always the effect of extracting the colour of the hair, but it is always injurious, rendering it harsh and brittle.

"M. A. B."—In reply to inquiries on the subject, we beg to state that in "Our Letter Basket" of the 1st inst. our remarks given with these initials referred to some scraps of poetry from a correspondent residing in one of the Midland Counties.

DR. MARY WALKER.—By an oversight, we omitted to state in last week's impression, that the artists to whom we were indebted for the portrait of Dr. Mary Walker were Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of 55, Baker-street, Portman-square, W.

BESSIE.—Not at present.

A MOTHER.—A very good substitute for a Christmas-tree is a large box of bran, in which the various presents are hidden. A sheet must be spread on the floor, and the box, with only a small hole at the top, placed in the centre. The children, who can put but one hand in at a time, must dive into the bran and draw out whatever comes first. An old packing-case is a good thing for the purpose. Much fun and scrambling, and scattering of bran are a sure result; but the latter will hardly get beyond the confines of the sheet, which is afterwards gathered up and removed. Another method is to hang a line across the room within the reach of the little ones, and suspend the presents upon it. The children are then assembled, and each one blindfolded in turn and permitted to take the first thing it touches from the line.

A THRIFTY LASSIE wishes to know how to make a French merino petticoat, which has been dyed black, into a dress-skirt. She says it is wide enough and good enough, for it looks like new. Cut out the edge into large scallops and bind them with braid. Get some of the broad grey and black striped material, and add enough below this, like an underskirt, to make the dress as long as you wish. Scallop the edge of the striped stuff and bind it with braid. Or make a false under-skirt of plain black, or any colour you prefer, and loop the black merino in festoons like a looped up skirt, trimming the seams downwards. Let the body correspond in colour with the under part. A little black Zouave or Signori jacket may be worn over it, and should be edged with a drop trimming.

MISS E. M. S.—To clean jewellery, wash it well in cold soap and water with a soft brush. Have some boxwood dust ready warmed at the fire, and put the wet jewellery into it. Leave it where it will keep warm when dry. Steel ornaments will never look so bright again as as they did when new. Wipe after wearing and put them away in boxwood dust or bran. To clean, make a paste of French chalk and spirits of wine. Lay it on the ornaments. When dry remove with a soft brush and some powdered chalk.

E. J. L.—To make one of the fashionable collars or capes, take the shape of the top of the dress, cutting the pattern straight across the shoulder above the sleeves, and straight across the bosom. Cut off the corners of the square thus formed. The collar must be made in one piece without a join. It is very easy to shape a corslet. Take the pattern from the lower part of a dress body. Slope the top of the corslet a little. The front is not cut with darts, but in four separate pieces. This is because it does not reach high enough on the figure to admit of darts.

MATERFAMILIAS.—spoilt children are certainly disagreeable. They sometimes grow into estimable and worthy persons; but in their youth reflect discredit on their parents, and are sure to have many more trials before them than fall to the lot of well-regulated minds. A powder mixed with sugar and stirred into a baked apple, is not detected by a child. It is the pleasantest way of administering the medicine. Jam is less efficacious. A young infant cannot digest pure cow's milk. It must be diluted with water, or skimmed.

A SUFFERER.—Spots and pimples are as often the result of poorness of the blood as of over-feeding. Getting wet and taking cold will often cause them. Also late hours, insufficient sleep, mental anxiety, sudden chills, and very frequently indigestion. You must consider from which of these causes yours proceed. It would be useless to apply a lotion if the cause were not removed. Also, any outward application should be resorted to with great caution, as it is often unsafe to check these eruptions. If you attend to your general health, they will disappear in time.

A. E. Z. can read our remarks to "A Sufferer." The best things for the complexion are early hours, sufficient rest, exercise, and air, avoidance of wet and damp, a sufficiency, but not a superfluity, of wholesome food, and peace of mind. Seasoned dishes, butter, cheese, sweetmeats and salt viands are bad. The daily bath improves the countenance by rendering the action of the skin freer. It is not always desirable that this should be cold; in that respect you must consult your constitution. Very few are sufficiently robust to indulge in cold baths. Always wash the face in plenty of cold water, and unperfumed soap. If the skin is too delicate for soap, a handful of fine oatmeal may be sprinkled on the towel, and made into a paste for cleansing. This keeps the skin fine and delicate.

ELLEN (Dublin).—Small Shakespeare collars are the most fashionable shape.

AN INQUIRER.—We are always very glad to receive a reply to communications from any subscriber. Do not be afraid that your thoughts are not sufficiently important; whatever thoughts occur to a human being are highly important, both to the individual herself, and to all whom, in their little sphere, she may influence. If, as you seem to apprehend, some of yours are wrong, we will do our best to correct them.

ESTHER.—Real lace is always an expensive article, but with care it comes as cheap as imitation in the end, and always looks well. We should recommend you to do without lace altogether, if the genuine is beyond your means. Never trust it to a laundress. Learn to get it up yourself. It is easy, and there is nothing unlady-like, as you seem to imagine, in being able to manage the renovation of your own ornaments. For jewellery, see our answer to another correspondent.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS AND THE TRADE.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at the principal Railway Stations, and of all Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom.

Country Newsagents, desirous of being supplied weekly with "Contents' Bills," should communicate with the Publisher, 2 and 3, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street, E.C.

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No advertisement for the current issue can be received after six o'clock on Wednesday.

NOTE.—Business communications should be addressed, and Post-Office Orders made payable, to the Publisher, GEORGE MADDICK, not to the Editor. Literary Correspondents should always send their real names and addresses, not necessarily for publication, but as a mark of good faith. Contributors wishing their MSS. returned, in case of rejection, should enclose postage stamps. The Editor cannot be responsible for the return of Poetry and other Scraps. Authors should retain copies. All communications for insertion in the current number should reach the office not later than noon on Wednesday.

THE
Lady's Own Paper.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

BEFORE another number of THE LADY'S OWN PAPER reaches the hands of our thousands of readers, old holly-wreathed Christmas will have come, with all its genial, hearty welcome, we hope to each and all of them. Christmas! What thoughts start into existence at the bare mention of the word! What cheery social gatherings within the happy homesteads of dear old England does it suggest! What kindly associations does it not resuscitate and draw more closely around us! Outside may be cold and dreary; but round the hearth, friendship will glow and sparkle with a purer, brighter flame. An English Christmas is thoroughly characteristic in its breadth and catholicity. The City merchant, with his snug suburban villa, metaphorically closes (at all events by proxy) his shutters, and "wheels the sofa round," oblivious or defiant of the pelting of the rain or snow without; and the poorest fisherman on the coast piles the zule log on the fire, while his numerous and boisterous olive-branches cluster round him, and though outside his primitive dwelling—

> The wind blows loud, and the lift grows dark,
> And gurly grows the sea,

he forgets them all for awhile in the festivities of his castle. The storm may howl through many a crevice, and penetrate many a cranny, but it only serves to give zest to the joy within Thus, somehow, Christmas has come to be considered quite a national holiday; it smiles on all alike, and seems none the less pleasant because of its surroundings. The theologists have detected a reason for all this. It was Divine wisdom, they have said, that placed this landmark in the high road of life, amidst the cold, dreary days and nights of dismal December. Be this as its may, we must confess we do not envy the people at the Antipodes, with whom everything is turned upside-down, and who hold Christmas in Midsummer. With us, the rugged aspect of winter lends a charm to Winter's King; and the very redbreast seems to pick the holly berries of his woodland home with a heartier cheer. To our mind, Christmas never looks more welcome than when ushered in by snow and frost; when the snow flakes fantastically drift about, the trees glistening in virgin purity in the clear, sharp light of a frosty morning. Then it is that we nestle round the fire, while the merry laugh of childhood resounds through the house; then it is that we are prepared to listen, with anything like patience, to the white-haired patriarch of the family, as he tells his oft-repeated Christmas story of adventures and warnings. One needs a good fire-light for a ghost-story, and what would Christmas be without its ghost story?—

> Heap on more wood, the wind is chill;
> But let it whistle as it will,
> We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Such is the poetic notion of Christmas; but Nature seems determined that, for this year at least, those who want the snow and frost must draw upon their imagination for them; and, perhaps, after all, it is well that it is so. Decrease of temperature,—in those "old-fashioned winters,"—means increase of mortality to the very old and the very young of a population. Dr. RICHARDSON has ably demonstrated this fact in his paper on "Waves of Heat and Waves of Mortality." It also means enhanced prices for the necessaries, if not the luxuries, of life. It requires no extraordinary sharpness of mental sight to see the bearing of this fact upon the question of the current distress amongst the working-classes. Half an eye, and half a grain of judgment to accompany that very small visual capability, will discover how immensely such distress would be augmented by a sudden and severe frost.

But Christmas presents other features worthy of consideration. It is the time for social greetings,—when friend meets friend, brother welcomes brother, the mother her children; and when, shutting out for a little the petty vexations, the cares and anxieties of life, they recount the joys and the sorrows of the past. It is sweet to think of the many kind greetings the season brings. The wheels of Time in their yearly revolutions quickly tear asunder households and friends, as those who have passed the meridian of life can tell, and the stern battle of life for existence leaves little time for sentimentalising. To thousands day follows day in unbroken monotony; but as the shadows of the waning year begin to fall, thoughts will recur—where faith and joy are not entirely crushed out—to the home of youth, and hope will brighten at the anticipation of meeting once again around the family board. We should be sorry, indeed, for this, if for no other reason, to see the keeping of the Christmas holiday on the wane.

Nor would we forget at this time the admonition that reminds us of duty,—for, after all, there *is* a meaning in the old precept "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Is Christmas all joy? Would that it were! Stubborn facts remind us that there have been known such things as "an orphan's Christmas;" when many a one has wept the "long, sad hours away." How touchingly has the poet expressed it:—

> "For there are nooks in Poverty's dim world,
> Where the high tide of riches never runs.
> No drop of all its wealth for some who sit
> And hear the river running brimming by.
> They see the Christmas shows of wealth and warmth
> At windows, whilst at every door shut out;
> The plenty only flouts their poverty;
> The music mocks them with its merriment;
> They look into each passing face to find
> No likeness of their own deep misery."

We will stop here. We have sought to draw attention to the lights and shadows of the season; to the kindly sympathies that run through the great heart of humanity; and in conclusion would wish our readers, in the good old way, which attempts at refinement would but spoil—A RIGHT MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

UNNOTICED ENDURANCES: HOW WE GET ABOUT.

WE suppose many of our readers have for their sins, at some time or other, travelled in the old original infernal machine called an omnibus; or, perhaps, if their delinquences have been great, they have suffered penance by the smaller instrument of greater anguish, a cab. Those who have acquired wealth enough to keep their own carriage, may have forgotten their torments; we think it may aid future improvement if we reproduce a slight sketch of them.

It is a muddy day, and there are eleven in the "Noah's Ark," for so it may be called from the various nondescripts it carries. Besides these eleven, there are two children on laps, and a stout man well done up in wraps, occupying the place of two, and his stomach so far projecting beyond his knees, that even the most delicate crinoline finds it a difficulty to sidle between him and the red-faced woman with a large bundle, who sits exactly opposite. A lady hails the "'bus," which invariably stops in the muddiest spot, and having accomplished the feat of entrance, the door is immediately jammed behind her, and with sudden impetus she is either jerked upon the fat man's bosom, or, as she always carries her umbrella with the point forward, incurs the complaints of all the maternities at once, by nearly bearing off the eye of one of the babies, in triumph. Once seated, amid black looks and a seething atmosphere of damp and dirt, the motion of the vehicle may be described as that employed in churning butter in bottles—not perpendicular but diagonal. But suddenly, on descending a hill, the drag is employed, and we should think those in London came in with the Romans, and were probably used by BOADICEA, although they are utterly discarded now both in Italy, and north of the Tweed. After having once ears pleasantly titillated by the rattle of the chain, which the running footman has missed twice, at the cost of another bit of skin off his knuckles, the inhabitants of the interior are made aware of his success, by a shock which plumps every one's head upon the shoulder of his neighbour, and so discomfits the babies, that they hail the result by a piteous yell. When the bottom of the hill is reached, a reverse of fortune is experienced to dislodge the break, and the human vertebræ are again shaken in the curricular dice box, until the welcome "Mansion House" sets them free.

So much for our London omnibus. Now, let us place a rather delicate lady in a cab, going to the Opera, or, as fatigue renders her peculiarly sensitive, returning home from it. If the cab be clean, has carried no fever patient during the last day, and the driver be not cruel, drunk, or stupid, nor the horse slow, spavined, broken-winded, or foot-sore, the denizens of the "four-wheeler" may bless their happy fate; their dresses will be comparatively unsoiled, their constitutions untainted, and if there be an anticipated wrangle about the fare, they are at all events going home, and they can shut the door, with that greatest of blessings, bed, in the offing. But the journey! "She swore 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful, she wished she had not" risked "it." And well she might lament. With eyes tired by the gaslights of the Opera, ears thrilling with its music, nerves strung to highest tension by excitement, how delightful that ceaseless clatter of the loose windows—for when did a London cab carry close casements?—that melodious rattle, the elder brother of the cherry-clack, to which no stuffing of gloves or handkerchief can serve as "a sweet oblivious antidote." It pelts with rain, too, and the intelligent JEHU has mistaken his right hand for his left. You want to correct him, but now the window is tight enough, and there is no getting it down, until he has gone three streets beyond the right one, and half-way down a hill. And then what an excellent shower-bath, when you put your head out, after having smashed your hat in the attempt, or run the risk of jerking it into the street; and what a delightful stream of mist and fog comes in upon the wife of your bosom!

Then the seats, too. One so high that the lady's legs, if she happen to be short, dangle the whole way without touching the ground, like those dolls' which throw theirs about when pulled with a string; the other seat artistically slanted. The advantage of this last is best perceived when you have been purchasing various leguminous articles or plants, in Covent-garden, for as nothing rests on the before-named seat, you are able to take stock of your goods by

finding them perpetually dropping on the floor, affording you pleasurable recreation in picking them up, until you are suddenly brought up by a terrific gore down the face from the stick of a fine geranium, which, whilst you have been pursuing said exercise, has insidiously tottered to one inch of your nostril.

Do we exaggerate? No. Does London tolerate these things? Yes. Ay, in 1866, too, long after Glasgow, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and other cities, have scouted and abandoned them. Talk of metropolitan patience after this! Why it is inexhaustible. Fancy the Provost of Edinburgh in a London cab! He would prefer a wheelbarrow with an umbrella or awning, and, of course, the mud coming on his knees would not signify, because they will wash, and nature in a kilt, is above art in trousers in this respect. Picture such a thing as a London cab being seen in Paris, Brussels, throughout Prussia or Austria! The bandbox would be cut down into a dog kennel before the day was out.

Patient women of London! Suffering men! how we honour you! You die in your "busses" and cabs, or rather *from* them, and give no sign! But you speculate; let us, therefore, suggest that the most philanthropic among you start an Anti-Headache, Catch-Cold, Drive-'Em-Easy-for-a-Shilling Conveyance Association, with no subscriber to have rheumatism, beyond the amount of his shares. It would be a glorious commencement for 1867!

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE DREADFUL COLLIERY ACCIDENTS.

The great event of the week, and one that has absorbed everything else, thrilling the heart of the nation and casting a deep gloom over the preparations for the festivities of the season, is the fearful sacrifice of life by accidents in collieries. The main facts of the catastrophes which have followed each other in such rapid succession must, by this time, be so well known throughout the length and breadth of the land, that it is unnecessary for us to reiterate them here. At Barnsley, the sad work of interment is steadily proceeding, and hearses may be seen in the streets at all hours, the processions of mourners following with unconcealed emotion. The Bishop of Ripon preached on the solemn event on Sunday, at St. Mary's Church. The praise of his Lordship is in everybody's mouth, for his unremitting labours to assuage the distress. It has been stated that the cause of the North Staffordshire explosion has been discovered. A blacksmith's lamp has been found with the top off. The smith's head was blown to pieces. He had gone down to shoe horses and strolled into the workings. A list of the widows and orphans from this explosion, so far as they have been ascertained, gives the present numbers as 42 widows and 89 orphans; but it is believed that the number of orphans will eventually be found to reach 100 or more. The men and lads brought up alive out of this pit, and still surviving, are, with a few exceptions, doing well. Some of them had very narrow escapes. One fine, well-built man of 63, named James Ray, who was attending to the furnace in the pit, was blown through two air-doors and burnt fearfully in the face. His sight was quite gone for two days, but he is now recovering it. He was found lying senseless under a heap of ashes. A young man, 25 years of age, Albert Dale by name, was eating when the accident occurred, and the food in his mouth prevented the gas finding its way down his throat, but he was dreadfully burnt on the left side and both arms. He managed with great difficulty to crawl to the upper workings and was saved. A Birmingham paper remarks that on no occasion since the battle of Culloden have so many lives been lost in Great Britain by violent means in so short a period as by these accidents. It is impossible yet calmly to consider the whole subject and investigate scientifically the causes of the accidents: the details furnished day by day have been so harrowing to the feelings. No doubt, however, a Royal Commission will fully enquire into the whole matter. It may afford a gleam of happiness to know that amidst all the horror and misery, there shine out brightly, nobly heroical deeds,—brave daring on behalf of the sufferers—before which the courage of the trained warrior on the blood-stained field of carnage sinks into insignificance. Noble-hearted men, representing nearly every rank of life, have lent the quick eye and ready hand on behalf of the sufferers,—yea, have willingly and calmly faced what they must have felt might be a sudden and awful death, if so be that they might snatch one fellow-being from the mass of ruins and restore him to his heartbroken family. The public have promptly responded to the appeals for monetary assistance. Subscriptions are flowing in hourly at the places of reception, and already a large sum is in hand. All that human power can do to lighten the sufferings of the bereaved will, we have no hesitation in saying, be cheerfully done.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S MESSAGE.

Within the week, the arrival of the Africa, at Liverpool, has made known the full text of President Johnson's Message to Congress. Though the address is exceedingly voluminous, there is really very little in it that the telegrams received from time to time have not made pretty well known. The President, speaking upon Fenianism, remarks, that the Fenian invasion of Canada, though it failed, has not been without its painful consequences. Some American citizens took part in it, and were brought to trial in consequence; and Mr. Johnson, "believing that the severity of civil punishment for misguided persons who have engaged in revolutionary attempts which have disastrously failed is unsound and unwise," has made such representations to the British Government in behalf of the convicted persons, as, being sustained by an enlightened and humane judgment, will, he hopes, induce in their cases an exercise of clemency and a judicious amnesty to all who were engaged in the movement. Touching the case of the Alabama, he says:—"Whatever might be the wishes of the two Governments, it is manifest that goodwill and friendship between the two countries cannot be established until a reciprocity in the practice of good faith and neutrality shall be restored between the respective nations." With regard to Mexico, Mr. Johnson states, "That repeated assurances have been made that the evacuation of Mexico by the French expeditionary forces will take place next spring, and that the French Government would then assume the attitude of non-intervention in Mexico, as is held by the Government of the United States. It is believed that with the evacuation of Mexico no subject for serious differences between France and the United States would remain."

THE CORPORAL PUNISHMENT QUESTION.

Miss Foster—the girl of seventeen who was flogged in a public school at Cambridge, Massachusetts—has, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the consolation of seeing a reform wrought through her suffering in the schools of her district. The local excitement having been much increased by the recent acquittal by a jury of the teacher who administered the punishment, the matter has been fully and warmly discussed in a meeting lately held at Cambridge to nominate a new school committee. In the discussion the magnates of Harvard University took part. Professor Agassiz was particularly indignant in his denunciation of the act, and of corporal punishment generally. He had, he said, been a teacher forty years, and had never struck a blow. Professor Washburn, of the Law School, was at least sure that girls should not be whipped. Dr. Wyman was also against flogging, and mentioned that it had been abolished in all the Prussian schools. At the end of the debate the caucus resolved that "corporal punishment should be abolished in each and every school in the city," and nominated a new school committee favourable to that rule.

FENIANISM ON THE DECLINE.

Fenianism has at last apparently taken a turn in the right direction. Within the last week, as the *Standard* truly remarks, the Irish Executive have been unremitting in their endeavours to obtain some important clues which were wanting to unravel the plans and mark out the limits of the plot, and they have used vigorously for that purpose the great powers entrusted to them by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. By such means, assisted ably by the zeal and energy of the Dublin detectives, and the purchased treachery of some of the conspirators, they obtained within a few days possession of most important secrets. In consequence of these disclosures a large number of arrests were made nearly simultaneously of the more prominent ringleaders thoroughout the island. The plans of the rebels were thus prevented, and a wholesome terror seized upon the whole herd of Yankee colonels and captains who were still at large, so that they have made such haste to decamp that it has not been possible, as yet, to provide them with sufficient means of escape; every steamer that touches at Queenstown, or the other ports of call on the American routes, is instantly overrun by a crowd of returning filibusters, who show a most praiseworthy anxiety to free Her Majesty's dominions of their presence. It is scarcely necessary to add that the Government place no vexatious obstacles in the way of their departure. With the flight of these swaggering desperadoes the only real danger may be said to have ended, and the loyalist panic is rapidly subsiding.

What remains of Epping Forest is to be left to the public. It has been given over to the care of the Public Works Department.

Breach of Promise of Marriage.—A Miss Eliza Nicholls entered an action to recover compensation in damages against Mr. Frederick Fox, of the Eagle Tavern, Marylebone, for a breach of promise of marriage. The defendant pleaded, first, that he had never promised; and, secondly, that no engagement had existed between them, and other pleas. It appeared from the evidence in support of the case for the plaintiff, that Miss Nicholls, her mother, and family, reside at Tottenham, where the defendant's father formerly kept the George and Vulture Tavern, and the defendant subsequently kept that house, as successor in the business to his father. The two families had been intimately acquainted, and visiting each other at their respective houses, a friendly feeling grew up between plaintiff and defendant, which, in course of time, ripened into a warm attachment. That state of feeling had been cherished for a considerable time, the defendant being constant in his declarations on the question of marriage, which he formally proposed to plaintiff. Voluminous correspondence passed between them, and some of the many letters which were put in and read, while they excited merriment in court, operated at the same time as evidence of the attachment of plaintiff and defendant to each other, breathing, as they did, the warmest sentiments. Plaintiff, valuing the letters, took especial care to preserve them; and defendant, on the other hand, denied the authenticity of some of the lot. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £250.

Mrs. Brown to the Editor.

(By Arthur Sketchley, Author of "Mrs. Brown's Papers.")

MRS. BROWN ON THE DANGERS OF THE STREETS.

Sir,—And I do say and will say it agin as the streets isn't safe for no lady for to walk along, for what with one thing, and what with another, your life's a constant 'angin' on a thread, as the sayin' is, and no more warnin' than nothin', and only insults if you says a word, as was the case with me last Thursday fortnight, and not been over the door since, as am one as can bear confinement as the sayin' is, and only nat'ral in the mother of eight, as I'm sure can't never do 'er duty by them if everlastin' gaddin' about as was the way with that Mrs. Westley, as I always told 'er would end bad, and never 'appy only when a goin' out a pleasurin', and come 'ome from the play to find the babby in the cradle as rats 'ad been a gnawin'; not as ever I quite believed it was that as made 'er gal Emma that disfigured about the face, but, in my opinion, born so, as no parent never likes to own to. But, as I was a sayin', the streets is that dangerous thro' swell mobs in the open day, and other thieves as would take the werry eyes out of your 'ead and you not a thinkin' no 'arm no more than a unborn lamb; but do not look to that violence from a drayman on the pavement; not as ever anythink will surprise me arter the way as Julia Summers was knocked down and stamped on by butcher boys, a walkin' quiet thro' Newportmarket for 'er music lessons, as was great foolishness in 'er mother for to give 'er, as could ill afford it with a hard job for to make both ends meet in lettin' lodgin's to single men as will run in your debt and go off on the quiet, as I've knowed myself, with all their moveables buttoned up their backs as you don't take no notice on with them agoin' out by night, tho' I must say as I always did suspect that young Reynolds as I caught on the hop myself and got the money, too, as I know'd his mother sent in regular, not as I pitied that gal Sarah for I always warned 'er agin 'im and sent a packin' about 'er business soon as ever I see as she'd got 'is photygraph in a brooch. I shouldn't 'ave gone out last Thursday only I'd 'eard say as poor Mrs. Mundy was in great trouble over 'er daughter thro' not bein' expected to get over it, and says to Brown as I should go to see 'er, and started accordin' with a early dinner so as to get there afore dark thro' the days a drawin' in, as must be expected with Christmas a comin' on so fast, and 'er a livin' close agin Limehouse Church as were destroyed by fire thro' the flues overloaded and left burnin' on the Sunday and the flames bustin' out afore daylight, and certinly the death of Mrs. Sanders as were the sexton's wife as took to 'er bed and never 'eld up 'er 'ead agin, for certainly she did take a pride in that church as she know'd from a gal thro' bein' brought up in the school and could sing the Easter Hymn beautiful, as did used all to wear high caps and white tippets with yaller gloves and short sleeves. Well, as I was a sayin', I was a walkin' along Newin'ton-causeway last Thursday a dawdlin' for one of them 'busses to overtake me as would run me up to Gracechurch-street for to get the Blackwall 'bus as would set me down near the spot, when what should I see but a brewer's dray and three men a lettin' down a cask with ropes as they'd tied up to a post as was at the kerb-stone. When I see them ropes and barrels all about the place I thought as I'd wait till they was let down thro' not a wantin' for to get into no mess with my new Saxony cloth on and a welwet mantle, and not as nimble on my feet as I did use to be. So I waits, but the drayman hollers out "Come on, Missus." So on I goes in course, and lays 'old of the barrel as 'ad got the rope tied to it agin the hedge of the cellar-flap as were open. I puts my leg over the rope, when if the feller as was a standin' agin the post didn't let the rope go quite sudden-like; away goes the barrel into the cellar, and me after it. It's a mercy as it weren't far as we 'ad to fall, or killed I must 'ave been, for I couldn't stick to the barrel as rolled one way and me another and come slap agin a party as was 'oldin' a light and knocked him nowheres in a minnit, light and all. I don't think as ever I did 'ear such a row as there were in the street, for a crowd come round in a instant and them brewers' men jumped down a usin' the most insultin' langwidge and ketched 'old on me that rude as nearly tore my clothes from off my back. Well, somehow they got me up into the open hair, and then there was such a crowd as I couldn't 'ardly breathe. So one of them brewers led me into the public-'ouse, and certainly I never was in such a mess, all mud and sawdust and cobwebs, with a blow on my funny-bone, as they calls it, as made my fingers tingle agin. I was thankful as it wasn't no wuss, and shouldn't 'ave minded if it 'adn't been as that drayman would stand me out as he'd warned me not for to come across that rope, whereas 'is words was constant "Come ons," and no doubt would 'ave been right if the party agin the post as let the rope slip 'adn't been stone deaf as the post it were tied to and couldn't see me. Them parties as kep the public 'ouse was partickler civil I will say; for it took ever so long for to dry me and brush me down; and when I come to look for my redicule it was clean gone as no doubt 'ad been took by the crowd, for it couldn't be found tho' they searched the 'cellar high and low as the sayin' is. I could 'ave cried for to look at my welwet cape, but the lady of the 'ouse she brought it round wonderful in no time with some cleanin' drops as 'ad a foreign name as I can recommend to anyone, and on the 'ole there wasn't much damage done as is a mercy, but I was that shocked as I were obligated to go 'ome at once and must try for to see Mrs. Mundy next week if the weather should 'old up. But what I wants to know is why ever them brewers is allowed for to be a takin' in their beer all over the pathway in the open day with every one about, as is nearly as bad as coals, as I've suffered from myself and you should see my gownd as must go to the cleaner's as I 'arf dreads as may come 'ome shrunk 'arf way up to my knees, the same as my barege as I never could wear agin, and was as dabby as a rag, let alone all the colour bein' flowed; and I wants to know if you can tell me, as no doubt you can, bein' the lady's friend, whether as I can't make them brewers replace them articles as is downright ruined with a bruise on my shoulder as big as the palm of your 'and as I shall feel for days, let alone the eyesore as it would be in a low-necked dress, not as that would be worn now-a-days by

Your obedient,
Martha Brown,
× 'er mark.

FLIRTS.

Flirtina herself is amply repaid for all her trouble by the reception which greets her as she enters a ball-room, the scene of so many bloodless battles. All eyes are turned upon her, and in them she encounters but two expressions, hatred and admiration, both flattering, the former especially, for a woman must be fascinating, indeed, to draw upon herself such marked disapprobation from the gentler sex. Upon the latter, Flirtina looks indulgently enough, though she is too well seasoned to be conspicuously elated by it. Her mode of action in securing fresh converts is very simple. Her favourite weapon is flattery, and is rarely found to fail when wielded by her discriminating lips. The vain and frivolous she meets upon their own ground, and trusts mainly to her beauty and agreeable manners. To the diffident she shows herself gentle and re-assuring, while to men of an arrogant disposition she affects the most enchanting humility. Of course, great tact is needed in dealing with different natures, so as to offend none, but tact is a faculty in which all flirts excel. Still, accidents occur in the best-regulated families, and even under the happiest rule; the subjects sometimes run counter to the wishes of their sovereign. Also, the affairs of the most discreet flirts get into confusion, and men who, under peculiarly aggravating circumstances, have been "done," have, instead of submitting quietly to the inevitable, taken leave to revenge themselves in a most disagreeable way. Some of these infatuated creatures have even taken the extreme method of blowing out their own brains, leaving on record their reasons for so doing in language the reverse of flattering to Flirtina. Clara Vere de Vere is not the only lady who has a dark memory of a past sin on her conscience which effectually tempers the moderation of her triumphs. Flirts, indeed, enjoy an almost universal reprobation. In these latter days, especially, when men are so few, and the best efforts of competitors for honours matrimonial result often in defeat and discomfiture, we cannot wonder at the enmity of the dowagers. It is only natural that they should look with disgust upon the creatures for whose sake men neglect their placid, uninteresting daughters, and it must be aggravating for them to watch the insolence with which a thorough-bred flirt monopolises the attention of the best men in her set. Old maids, too, long past the wallflower stage, with its latent jealousies and entire dreariness, find pleasure in abusing them. Some of them, possibly, not without reason, for, looking back at their one romance—which people tell us no woman can escape—they think indignantly what a different ending it might have had but for the counter fascinations of an unscrupulous flirt. Nor do flirts receive any mercy at the hands of the young and fair of their own sex. The crime which we all find it hardest to palliate in our friends is success—success in which we have no share, sometimes even obtained at our expense. But when our rival is not only successful, but carelessly disdainful of the victory which was far above our abilities, we put forgiveness out of the question, and hate decorously, or with fierce intensity, according to our temperament. With men, who are the victims, it is much the same. They enter the lists eagerly enough, happy at first to receive but a smile of recognition from the reigning beauty. To those to whom the Fates grant subsequently the bliss of finding favour in her eyes, ensues a period of infatuation more or less prolonged, from which the awakening is bitter indeed, to judge from the rancorous sentiments expressed in the numerous "Odes on the Inconstancy of Woman."—*Sixpenny Magazine.*

Herr Reichardt and Mr. Kuhe will start in the first week in January on a professional tour through the West of England, under the management of Mr. John Blagrove.

Literature.

Amongst other invasions upon our patience and purses at this season, may be reckoned Christmas books; and certainly 1866 is conspicuous by the extra quantity of trash which has been poured upon the town. Some of the *rechauffees* are, however, opportune, and we do meet here and there with something like ability; but, remembering the days when every new-fledged poetaster poured forth his lucubrations in the "Annuals," we almost fear from the present Christmas list that the *cacoethes scribendi*, the delight of airing twaddle, is becoming perennial. However, we must take what we can get, and be thankful.

Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. London: Longmans.

They say the best poems are most capable of parody; we think that inferior ones are so too:—

"Horatius, when he home returned,
Ungreeted by his sister;
With so much wrath his bosom burned,
'Tis said he never kissed her."

Now, though this is not Macaulay's, yet it so much like it, that we think the "original" need not have re-appeared, for, verily, of such relics of ancient Rome we have already had more than enough. However, Messrs. Longman have done all they could to render the book palateable, by delicately-coloured paper, and illustrations of the highest excellence, by Mr. George Scharf, jun. In fact, these constitute the chief recommendations of the work.

Griset's Grotesques; or, Jokes drawn on Wood. (London: Routledge),

Contain some rhymes by Mr. Tom Hood, who writes with his usual ability; and Ernest Griset's illustrations are very clever. Young and old cannot fail to be amused by these emanations of a ready pen and a most comical pencil.

Little Lays for Little Folks. Issued by the same publishers.

This is a very beautiful volume outside, and the engravings are good, but the poems are indeed, *very* old friends in a new dress.

Messrs. Cassell have issued a Christmas volume, under the title of *Idyllic Pictures.* As usual, the binder has to bear the chief weight of responsibility in making the book attractive, but the poems and engravings are far above average merit. We can recommend also *The Child's Garland of Little Poems*, and *Bright Thoughts for the Little Ones*, but with respect to this last, must express our opinion that the literary element is evidently intended for children that have not yet been weaned.

Messrs. Low have earned the thanks of all admirers of good poetry and beautiful ornament by their publication of *Heber's Hymns.* We can scarcely speak too highly of this volume; and the illustrative portion, under the care of Mr. T. D. Cooper, is well worthy the excellence of the literature. Each hymn is embellished by the most exquisite scriptural subjects; and we do not remember any other modern work in which wood-engraving has evinced such positively astonishing perfection.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have taxed Doré's powers to the utmost we should think. Their *Milton*, illustrated by him, is a beautiful but very expensive volume. *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* is a commendable re-publication, and well fitted for a present.

The Story of Jesus in Verse. By Edwin Hodder. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, Paternoster-row.

This is a tastily-prepared little volume, suitable for young children, who, as the author truly remarks, love a jingle of words. In magazines and story-books, they instinctively turn to the "rivulets of words in meadows of margin," and find a satisfaction in the poetry more than in the prose; thus nursery rhymes outlive nursery story-books. It was under this impression Mr. Hodder commenced his labour of love, for such it must have proved to him, evincing, as he does, a hearty sympathy with the longings of childhood. There are many worthy people, we know, who hold that the Scripture narrative of the life of Jesus is so beautifully simple and expressive, that any attempt at translating it into other words must altogether fail. We cannot sympathise with such: we have had many opportunities of noticing how quickly the young will commit hymns to memory, and how well they will remember them, while they speedily forget the simplest passages from the Bible. Take, for instance, the old Sunday-school hymn commencing—

Good David, whose psalms have so often been sung,
At first was not noble nor [illegible]

Or that other—

I think when I read that sweet story of old.

Children, even the very youngest, can easily learn and firmly retain these: nor do they often forget them. Hence we gladly welcome Mr. Hodder's book. We give a few stanzas as a fair specimen of his style. They are selected from a piece entitled—

THE SHEPHERDS AT THE MANGER.

It was early morning, and rays of light
Were chasing away the gloom of night,
And the shepherds talked of the wonderful things
The angels had said of the King of Kings.

"Let us go," they said, "to yonder place,
And gaze on the blessed Infant's face;
We will worship Him, and His Kingship own,
And see the things the Lord hath made known."

In haste they left their watch o'er the sheep,
Only leaving the dogs the folds to keep;
And they journeyed along, those loving men,
With joyful hearts to Bethlehem.

They reached the inn. A humble shed
Sheltered the holy Saviour's head;
No bands of soldiers were waiting there,
But unseen angels filled the air.

* * * *

With happy hearts their way they trod,
Praising and glorifying God;
They told to all where they had been,
And spoke of all that they had seen.

So we, who in God's holy Word,
Have learned to see and love the Lord,
Should speak of Him in all our ways,
And show forth everywhere His praise.

Of course it is very essential to convey right notions in such rhymes. Do facts or Eastern customs bear our author out in the third verse we have quoted? In conclusion, we may add that the illustrations to the volume, of which there are many, are, with two exceptions, really admirable.

The Book of Perfumes. By E. Rimmel. Fourth Edition.

The popularity of the present work may be imagined from the fact of its having reached a fourth edition. It is elegantly bound, profusely illustrated, and filled with information sure to interest ladies. It is published in two sizes, at three different prices. It makes a nice book for the table, and is in every way suitable for presentation. It is almost needless to add that the leaves are perfumed.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

Mr. John Morley has succeded Mr. G. H. Lewes as editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, which in future is to appear once a month only.

The library of Ludovico Manini, the last Doge of Venice, will be brought to the hammer at Leipsic in the course of January next. It contains 2,358 works, many of them of great historical interest.

M. Alma-Tadema's picture, the "Egyptian Dance," which attracted much attention when exhibited in this country at the French Gallery, and was so highly applauded when displayed in Paris, has been successfully repaired and restored.

Mr. F. M. Brown has completed another of his "King Lear" subjects—a work in water-colours, but having all that seriousness of purport and care in execution which are oftenest found in oil-pictures; it is styled "Cordelia's Portion."

Since the process of photograph'ng upon silk and linen has been perfected in France, many persons have their portraits upon their linen instead of their names or initials. Washing, it is said, does not injure the portraits.

The painter Bierstadt was recently married at New York to Miss Rosalie Osborn. M. Bierstadt is now in affluent circumstances. He has orders sufficient to keep him busy for four or five years. He is at work upon a new painting descriptive of Western life and scenery, and entitled "Emigrants Crossing the Plains."

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume for Young People. Illustrated. Edited by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. (Bell and Dalby.)

Shifting Winds: a Tough Yarn. By R. M. Ballantyne. With Illustrations. (Nisbet.)

Beechenhurst. By A. G. (Nisbet.)

Casimir: the Little Exile. By Caroline Peachey. With Illustrations by Clark Stanton. (Griffith and Farran.)

One Hour a Week: Bible Lessons for the Young. By the Author of "Jesus upon Earth." (Edinburgh: Nimmo.)

Seeing the World: a Young Sailor's Own Story. By Charles Nordhoff. (Edinburgh: Nimmo.)

The Martyr Missionary: or, Five Years in China. By the Rev. Charles P. Bush, A.M. (Edinburgh: Nimmo.)

A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life. By the Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." (Low and Co.)

Old Memories of the Stukeleys. (Chapman and Hall.)

Three Tales for an Idle Hour. By the Author of "The Sunbeam." (Parker and Co.)

My New Home: a Woman's Diary. By the Author of "Win and Wear." (Edinburgh: Nimmo.)

Animal Sagacity. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. (Partridge.)

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Art and Song, edited by Robert Bell, illust. 4to., 21s. cl.

Buchanan's Ballad Stories from Scandinavian, illust. 10s. 6d. cl.

Bush's My Pilgrimage to Eastern Shrines, 8vo., 15s. cl.

Byron's Poetical Works (Pearl Edit.) cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.

Eltze's New Table-Book, edit. by Mark Lemon, 4to. 25s. cl.

Fenn's Original Penny Christmas Readings, 12mo. 1s. bds.

Gaskell's Wives and Daughters, post 8vo. 6s. cl.

Golden Links, 12mo. cold. illust. 2s. 6d. cl.

Great Harefield, cr. 8vo. 12s. cl.

Hall's The Prince of the Fair Family, sm. 4to. 12s. cl.

Heath and Corse's 141 Double Acrostics, sq. 3s. cl.

Hours of Rest; or, Sabbath Thoughts, by Author of "Protoplast," 6s.

Hugo's Toilers of the Sea, cheap edit. crown 8vo. 6s. cl.

Lydia, a Tale of the Second Century, from the German, cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Melodies of Zion, containing Tunes for "Times of Refreshing," 3s. 6d.

Miller's My Father's Garden, post 8vo. 5s cl.

Moore's Irish Melodies, Mackenzie's illust. edit. 4to. 30s. cl. gilt.

Noble (Rev. T. R.) Memoir of, Missionary to Telugu People, 6s. cl.

Ogilvy's Sunday Acrostics, cr. 8vo. 1s. bds.

Rawe's Homeward, a Tale of Redemption, cr. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.

Songs of the Nativity, Christmas Carols, ed. by Husk, sm. 4to. 12s. 6d.

Thomas (Annie) Played Out, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.

Three Tales for an Idle Hour, 12mo. 2s. cl.

Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, illust. by Doré, sm. 4to. 21s. cl. gt.

Yates's Kissing the Rod, post 8vo. 6s. cl.

Music.

Spread thy Wings, O Silver Dove. Composed by Alexander B. W. Kennedy. The Words by Adelaide Anne Procter. Published by T. T. Lemare, Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row.

This is the best which we have yet seen of Mr. Kennedy's composition. The compass of the song ranges from the lower C to E.

Athenæa.

Messrs. Strahan have published an elegant illustrated gift book under the title "Touches of Nature." One of the best-known literary contributors is Miss C. Rossetti, whose poem, "Hoping against Hope," has two stanzas that may serve as examples of her power to describe the effects of love neglected. A damsel says—

Make me fair when I lie on my bed,
Fair where I am lying;
Perhaps he may come and look on me dead—
He for whom I am dying.

Dig my grave for two, with a stone to show it,
And on the stone write my name:
If he never comes, I shall never know it,
But sleep on all the same.

In Mr. Henderson's "Notes on the Folk-lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders" (published by Longmans), mention is made of a curious Christian legend:—In the little town of Malton, in Yorkshire (says the writer), about nine years ago, my friend the Rev. J. B. Dykes, now vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham, while visiting an old woman during her last illness, observed a spider near her bed, and attempted to destroy it. She at once interfered, and told him with much earnestness that spiders ought not be killed; for we should remember how, when our Blessed Lord lay in the manger at Bethlehem, the spider came and spun a beautiful web, which protected the innocent Babe from all the dangers which surrounded Him. The old woman was about ninety years of age.

Mr. H. Ward Beecher is about to try his hand at novel-writing. He is to contribute a serial story to the *New York Ledger*. He has informed Mr. Bonner, of the *Ledger*, that he hopes to put "enough manuscript in" his "hands to enable" him "to begin the story early in 1867."

The Ladies' Sanitary Association (late of Princes-street, Cavendish-square, and now of 8, Pont-street, Belgrave-square), in prosecution of its good and noble work, has issued a pretty illustrated "Home Almanac" sheet for 1867, with attractive coloured and other engravings, and a mass of useful sanitary, social, and other matter.

Longfellow, John C. Whither, and J. Russell Lowell, the three well-known American poets, have each issued a volume. Longfellow's is "Flower de Luce;" Whither's, "Maud Muller;" and Lowell's, "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Picture of a Comfortable Man.—He was a man between fifty and sixty, with grey hair, rather short, and somewhat corpulent, but still gifted with that amount of personal comeliness which comfortable position and the respect of others will generally seem to give. A man rarely carries himself meanly whom the world holds high in esteem.—*Last Chronicle of Barset, by A Trollope.*

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.—At Northmaven, in Shetland—a wild spot washed by the sea waves—the fishermen have made a churchyard, and a solitary tombstone rears it head with the following inscription:—"Donald Robertson, born 1st January, 1785, died 4th June, 1848. He was a peaceable, quiet man, and to all appearance a sincere Christian. His death was very much regretted, which was caused by the stupidity of Laurence Tullock, of Colchester, who sold him nitre instead of Epsom salts, by which he was killed three hours after taking a dose of it."

Music and the Drama.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

Transpontine audiences always had a strong love for nautical drama. This feeling and natural affection has had an impetus given it by the famous T. P. Cooke's will, and the subsequent production of the first prize drama at the Surrey. "True to the Core" has been a trump card for the new theatre near the Obelisk; and Messrs. Frampton and Fenton, the energetic managers of "Queen Victoria's very own theayter," as Mrs. Brown would say, have followed suit with a nautical drama, on which a great deal of money and pains appear to have been expended. The drama of "Cast Adrift" is not, strange to say, one of the rejected T. P. Cooke's prize compositions, as one might very naturally have imagined; but a new effort, or, rather, an adaptation from a story running in a popular serial, to which the names of Mr. Osman and Mr. Fenton are attached.

The story of this "new grand sensational nautical drama" is of the most marvellous description, and if the author's desire was thoroughly to perplex the audience, he has succeeded admirably in his task. We are shifted about from the deck of one vessel to that of another, with such marvellous rapidity, and so constantly, that one is obliged to give up any notion of discovering the plot or fathoming its mysteries in despair, and content oneself with awaiting the well-known Victorian situations, and admiring the scenery, which is, as it always is at the Victoria, very admirable. Mr. Fenton has painted an admirable panorama, showing us a vessel's passage through the Fleet at Spithead, which is certainly worth a journey to see. The wreck scene, also, is a very good one, and the occupants of pit and gallery testify their admiration by the shrillest of whistles and most discordant screams of delight.

Our old friend, Mr. Yarnold, is as firm a favourite as ever at the Victoria, and delights the audience by his antics and agonies as a Cockney servant who goes to sea, and, it is needless to add, becomes terribly ill. How strange it is that human suffering is so laughter-provoking! There is no better exponent of cruelty than a clown—and who is so popular. Take away the red-hot poker and the sea-sick man, and where should we get our fun?

Miss Daley, another old and deservedly popular favourite, plays as charmingly as ever.

Altogether, the drama is carefully played, and being extremely well put on the stage, deserves to be popular.

HOLBORN THEATRE.

The popular drama of "Flying Scud" which, in spite of its lamentable construction and the want of interest after the termination of the Derby scene, has turned out a brilliant success, has been prefaced this week by a new farce. The Cattle Show folks have not all left London yet, and a perpetual stream of visitors pours into the new theatre to see Mr. Boucicault's sensation drama and Mr. George Belmore's admirable acting.

The author of "Ici on Parle Francais"—Mr. T. J. Williams, an irrepressible farce writer—has furnished Mr. Sefton Parry with the little trifle with which the programme was opened on Monday night. It is called "My Turn Next," and in it the indefatigable Mr. Belmore—did any actor ever work so hard or conscientiously?—is exhibited in an agony of fright and remorse, on discovering that his newly-married wife is known by several friends, by as many coloured aliases. She is Mrs. Black, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. White, Mrs. Everything, in fact, until she nearly drives Mr. Belmore mad with rage and vexation. The poor husband is ultimately appeased, however, by discovering that his wife is not a Brigham Young in petticoats, but that the mistake has originated through an eccentricity on the part of a former husband of the lady, who delighted in being known by several names. There is not, after all, any very great depth of fun in all this, and the farce can hardly be considered meritorious, being neither well written nor clearly devised, but Mr. George Belmore throws himself so entirely into the spirit of the character, and succeeds so thoroughly in arousing the risible susceptibility of the audience, that the farce triumphs in spite of itself, and the curtain falls with a final burst of laughter and a unanimous call for the clever exponent of all this fun.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

What queer kind of consciences those folks must have who have strong objections against theatres, but wink at an entertainment! There are many people who would turn up their eyes in pious horror at the bare mention of Drury Lane, but, at the same time, rally round Mr. and Mrs. German Reed; discuss Artemus Ward in their family circle; quote Arthur Sketchley and "Mrs. Brown" between the intervals of scalding tea and hot buttered toast, and warble Christy Minstrel airs while the tea-things are being washed up.

The revival of Mr. Tom Taylor's entertainment called "The Family Legend," which was played so successfully at the pretty little Gallery of Illustration during the famous Exhibition Year of 1862, makes one wonder in astonishment where the entertainment-frequenters really draw the line; we mean, of course, entertainment-frequenters of the Clapham and Islington school alone, for there are no doubt many excellent people who patronise the capital entertainments which London boasts of, equally with the various theatres of the metropolis.

The eldest offspring of the German Reed entertainment school is getting a very big child indeed, and why Mr. Reed and the excellent little company he has got round him should not play a

musical comedy or farce after the *Bouffes Parisiennes* style, we are at a loss to conceive. Starting originally at the Gallery of Illustration with an ordinary entertainment duologue and one drawing-room set, let us notice how wonderfully this semi-theatrical babe has thrived. We now have the master and mistress of the establishment *plus* Mr. John Parry, *plus* Miss Susan Galton, *plus* elaborate scenery charmingly set, full of sensational effects and the usual stage paraphernalia of thunder, lightning, snow-storms, red fire, &c., &c.

The Gallery of Illustration is really a theatre, and quite as much a theatre as the Prince of Wales's or New Royalty. Why not make, then, the Gallery of Illustration a temple of Offenbach, and allow us to revel in the delights of "Ching Chow Hi," "Lischen and Frischen," the "Chanson di Fortunio," "Sixty-Six," and all the rest of them; and when we have done with Offenbach, we have plenty of charming composers, such as Arthur Sullivan, Frederick Clay, James L. Molloy, &c., &c., who would supply Mr. Reed with operettas for some time to come.

By all means, then, let us give up entertainments like "The Family Legend," which cannot help being tedious in parts, and encourage operetta writing by all means in our power. Operettas are always sparkling, and never fail to please.

"The Family Legend" was revived on Monday evening, and was listened to with evident satisfaction by the audience then assembled. Mr. John Parry was excellent throughout, especially as *Mr. Warble*, the enthusiastic poet; and Mrs. German Reed's impersonation of the old French servant *Babette*, admirable both in "make-up" and conception. Mr. German Reed was unfortunately like Mr. German Reed in every fresh character he attempted, and we could not trace a vast amount of difference between the gentleman in dress clothes who addressed the audience at the commencement of the entertainment, and the Irish (?) sailor who tumbled about the boxes on the floor; but Mr. Reed's audience laughed heartily whenever he appeared, and we presume they know best what pleases them.

Those who waited for Mr. John Parry's "Wedding Breakfast," which wound up the evening's entertainment, were richly rewarded. We can only repeat what we have said before elsewhere, that we can boast of no more talented and charming entertainer than Mr. John Parry. It is quite impossible to pass half an hour in pleasanter society, and those who have not heard Mr. Parry's description of "The Wedding Breakfast," ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Mr. George Honey is to play *Miss Miggs* in "Barnaby Rudge," at the Princess's, at Christmas-time. *Miss Miggs* will be full enough, at any rate.

Miss Ione Burke is the name of Mr. Jefferson's niece. She appears in "Jenny Lind at Last," at the Haymarket, on Boxing-night. She has played some time in America, and is very popular there.

Mr. E. Price, of the Strand Theatre, goes to the Lyceum at Christmas.

Miss Maria and Miss Laura Harris, daughters of Mr. Augustus Harris, of Covent Garden, will be added to the Olympic company.

Somebody has been crying wolf to an alarming extent. It appears that Mr. Toole does not leave the Adelphi at all, but returns as usual on Boxing-night. This is as it should be, and it is quite certain that Mr. Toole cannot be spared at the Adelphi, where he is an established favourite, and must always reign supreme.

Mr. Leigh Murray's name appears among the members of the Lyceum company.

During the holiday season a miniature troupe of child actors, who have been very carefully drilled by Mr. Coe, the stage manager, will give a series of morning performances at the Haymarket Theatre. The little ones are spoken of by the initiated in terms of the warmest praise.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL JOTTINGS.

"Ali Baba" heads the Halifax programme.

"Prince Prettypet" heads the Southampton bill of fare.

Last week the Westminster Scholars gave their first performance of Terence's "Andria."

"King Dragon" is the Lyceum's attractive star in Sunderland for Christmas-eve.

At the Alhambra Palace three new ballets will be brought out on Boxing-night.

The Floral Hall at the side of Covent-garden Opera House, is to be converted into a skating saloon for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have appeared at the Arch Theatre, Philadelphia. Lady Don has appeared at Sacramento, California.

The "School for Scandal" and the "Serf" have been played since the opening of the Victoria Theatre, Oxford, to excellent audiences.

The friends of Mr. Henry Phillips, so long our most redoubtable bass singer, find it necessary to appeal to the public in his behalf.

Mdlle. Beatrice has been playing since Monday last in the "Lady of Lyons," "Romeo and Juliet," "Mary Stuart," "Broken Ties," and "A Cup of Tea," at the Theatre Royal, Swansea, with brilliant success.

The Brightonians' holiday theatrical banquet is served from "Beauty and the Beast;" and at the Pavilion Circus, "Ride-a-Cock Horse" comprises the equestrian illustration for 1866-7.

Another version of "Der Freischutz," by Mr. William Dorrington, in which Miss Marian Taylor enacts *Rodolph*, and Miss M. Brennan, *Agnes*, forms the pantomimic dish at the Plymouth Theatre this season.

A new actor, named Mr. Barry, with an Australian reputation, has made his appearance at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and given proof of his powers in *Damon*, *Master Walter*, and *Jacques*.

Mr. A. Mellon announces an operetta of his composition, "The Terrible Hymen," in which Madame Martorelli Garcia and Signor G. Garcia will appear, to be performed before the pantomine.

Another American lady, who travels under the name of Signora Drusilla Garbato, has been singing in "Il Barbiere," at the Teatro Santa Radegonda, Milan.

M. Victor Hugo is said to be building a theatre near his residence in Guernsey, where two unperformed plays by him, "Torquemada" and "La Grand'mère," are to see the footlights.

Madame Ristori's success in America seems to have surpassed all expectation. She has just commenced an engagement at Montreal.

"Snowdrop," a seasonable revival of an original New Royalty burlesque, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, with some judicious emendations, will be the Greenwich play patrons' delectation this year.

The career of "Fair Rosamond and Robin Hood," form the themes of the Bristol (Prince's), Manchester, Norwich, and Portsmouth theatrical holiday fare, to be produced to-night (Saturday).

"King Pippin" is to reign at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, while "Dick Whittington and his Cat;" rule the Princess's planks as also at Cardiff.

The total receipts of the theatres, public dancing rooms, concerts, and other places of amusement in Paris, for the month of November, amounted to 73,435*l.*, being an increase of 7,806*l.* on the previous month.

The concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society last week was a fair and level performance, offering little noteworthy or objectionable.

Mr. Stephen Massett, who will be better known in this country under his literary alias, "Jeems Pipes, of Pipesville," the celebrated American comic lecturer, author, composer, reciter, vocalist, and traveller, is expected shortly to arrive in England from New York.

"Belisario" has failed at the Commercial Theatre, Trieste. "La Juive" has been substituted, to the greater satisfaction of the public.

The death is announced from Alessandria (Italy) of the maestro Bogliaccini, violin professor and archivist of the Musical Institute of Genoa. He was 72 when he died.

The Sisters Marchisio have taken their leave of Madrid, among the most flattering demonstrations. The Queen presented them with two magnificent bracelets set with diamonds. They have gone to the Theatre Apollo, Rome.

Signor Arditti has just composed two new vocal *morceaux*; one "The Gift and the Giver," for Mr. Santley, and the other "Le Chavalier Noir," for Mr. Tom Hohler.

Joachim, having delighted the audience of the Athénée, in Paris, several times, has returned to Hanover, where he occupies the post of Concert-meister.

Mdlle. Artot has played successfully in the "Barbiere," at Leipsic.

The direction of the Rhenish Festival next year is confided to Julius Retz, of Dresden.

One of the best singers of Germany, the tenor Rauscher, died at Stuttgard on the 16th ult., at the age of 66.

With Shakespeare's "King John," Miss Glyn has terminated her first series of readings at St. James's Hall.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken has been playing at the Varieties Theatre, Liverpool, in the "French Spy."

On the 26th inst., Glover's Cantata "Tam o' Shanter" will be performed at the Edinburgh Popular Concerts, in honour of Burns, whose birthday is on the 25th. Mr. Miranda will take the tenor.

Music, says the *Orchestra*, does not appear to soothe the savage breast in Mexico. An Austrian military band, which performs in the principal square of Puebla was recently pelted by the populace with stones, and compelled to beat a retreat. The soldiers are unable to walk through the streets except under arms.

The King of Prussia, it is stated, has added 400*l.* a month to the purse of the new Italian Opera Company in his capital, in addition to the regular subsidy. The company will begin their public duties on the 2nd January. Among them are Sarolta prima donna soprano; Grossi contralto; Pardini and Ribbi tenors; Francesco Frizzi basso; and Padilla baritone.

The next grand concert of the Dutch national association "Vincentius van Paulo" is to take place on the 31st of January, 1867. Nothing is to be produced but compositions of Dutch masters. The programme includes "Das Lied von der Glocke" (W. F. G. Nicolai), and "Psalm" of J. H. Lübeck.

Miss Poole, the famous elocutionist, gave a fine reading from the "Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It," and "Charge of the Light Brigade," before a brilliant audience in the Brighton Pavilion on Monday evening. Mdlles. Isadora and M. Isaacs pleasingly rendered some vocal pieces, and the arrangements of Messrs. Cramer and Co. were fully rewarded.

The Princess Sophie Lichtenstein, who died at Pesth, not long since, was, in her unmarried days, none other than Mdlle. Sophie Löwe, long the idol of the Berlin Opera-house, in rivalry to Mdlle. Fassmann, who appeared under Mr. Lumley's management at Her Majesty's Theatre, without creating any sensation, and afterwards sang for a time in one of the principal theatres of Italy.

Handel's oratorio "Messiah," will be given on Christmas-eve, at Exeter Hall, by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. This will be the only occasion Mr. Santley will appear in the "Messiah" this Christmas at Exeter Hall. Miss Louisa Pyne and other eminent artistes are also engaged. Band and chorus nearly 700.

The Borough of Portsmouth Amateur Dramatic Society gave a performance on Wednesday last, in the local Theatre Royal, for the benefit of the sufferers by the recent fire at Quebec, under civic and military patronage. The pieces were "A Life's Revenge," well played by Mr. R. Chadwick as *Fournichet*, and Mr. Windsor *De Breton;* Miss Mary Smith's *Eloise* and Miss N. Smith's *Agnes* won special praise. "Fortune's Frolic," and "Turn Him Out," in which Mr. L. Emanuel was *Old Snacks*, brought the entertainment to a close, and doubtless a considerable addition to the relief fund. Throughout, the respective performers acted very creditable.

On Saturday evening last Mdlle. Beatrice concluded her highly successful stay upon the Brighton Thespian planks. Seldom since the great Siddonian epoch have we witnessed a more truly natural and forceable delineation of love, ambition, and repentance, than that of Mdlle. Beatrice's as *La Silvia*, in the beautiful domestic drama called "Broken Ties." Throughout the acting was life-like, and the emotion evinced by the sorrow-stricken mother and wife on beholding, apparently, the dearest ties for ever severed, drew tears from the most stoical hearts. Mr. Lewis Nanton's, manly and poetical embodiment of the elder Warner, was second to none, indeed, singularly enough, the audience appeared sorry when the interest of the piece brought on the *denouement*, and shut their favourites from view.

Professor Oakeley, who has taken the music chair in the University of Edinburgh, delivered his inaugural address last week. In the course of his remarks, after having referred to the irregularity with which musical genius seems to have been distributed, he said it was not only most partial in its preferences, but indicated its presence with almost clamorous urgency. It anticipates, he stated, each opening feature of the infant mind in the rapidity and distinctness of its developments, and often makes no inconsiderable progress in its manifestations, even before the faculty of speech itself has attained such perfection as to give utterances to its impulses. Children, scarcely beyond the age of infancy, have been known to betray annoyance at the sound of an untrue bell; and instances might be mentioned of boys barely more than three years of age whose ears, even at that tender age, were so accurate that they could assign its name to any note, or even chord, they heard struck. Several such instances of precocious youthful talent are on record, but none are so striking as the instance of Mozart, whose delicacy of ear from the first was most exquisite. This great genius, whose mighty spirit so soon burned out the frail body which held it to the earth, when at the age of three years loved to pick out thirds on the harpischord; and before he had completed his sixth year detected from memory the difference of *half a-quarter* of a tone between his own little violin and that belonging to one Schachner—a difference which proved to be perfectly correct when Schachner's violin was brought and the comparison made.

LE JEU NE VAUT PAS LA CHANDELLE.

I hope you don't fancy my cynical mood
Is caused by an envious mind,
Mixed up with its evil, a great deal of good
In this whirligig world we can find;
Most sensible people their grievances sink,
Moralizing is all very well,
But I'm bound to confess that I honestly think,
"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

When school-days were over, I'd plenty of pluck,
And vowed I would work like a man,
At "smalls" when at college I'd wonderful luck,
And reading for "honours" began;
But then came the "cricket" and "boating" alas!
The upshot is easy to tell,
I thought when I said I'd go in for "a pass,"
"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

The years slipped away and I took my degree,
And faced a new life and its ills;
I could do as I liked, but I never got free
From the worry of troublesome bills.
I wrote to my father by every post,
"A barrister's life is a sell,"
And I candidly owned I had found to my cost,
"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

Because I was poor and had nothing to do,
And could not from troubles depart,
I mixed with the fair, and the fickle, and true,
And lost every scrap of my heart;
Miss Flo's disposition I thought I had read,
I was haunted by sweet Isabel,
But I sighed when I laid on the pillow my head,
"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

But round go the wheels of old hurrying Time,
And glides away year after year;
Still life is made golden with music and rhyme,
Though darkened by many a fear;
The present is studded with pleasure and care,
The future, who dares to fortell?
I trust it may prove I was wrong to declare,
"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

C. W. S.

The following is from an American paper—"I met her in the sunset bright, her gin ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced with pure delight, were of the same dear hue. And always when the sun goes down, I think of the girl in the gingham gown."

The Useful Corner.

Anchovy Sauce is made by pounding genuine anchovies in water, and simmering the mixture for a short time, after which a little cayenne pepper is to be added, and the whole strained through a hair sieve by rubbing with the hand or a spoon. If the anchovies are genuine, the sauce will be good, if otherwise, it will be deficient in the proper flavour.

To Wash Flannel.—Flannel should always be washed with white soap; otherwise it will neither look well nor feel soft. The water must be warm but not boiling, as it shrinks the flannel to scald it. Wash it in clean water, and entirely by itself. Rub the soap to a strong lather in the water before the flannel is put in, for if the soap is rubbed on the flannel itself, it will become hard and stiff. Wash it in this manner through two warm waters, with a strong lather in each. Rinse it in another warm water with just sufficient soap in it to give the water a slight whitish appearance. To this rinsing water it is better to add a little blue from the indigo bag. Cold rinsing water is found to harden the flannel. When it has been rinsed thoroughly, wring it hard, shake it well, and spread it out on the clothes'-line; while drying, shake, stretch, and turn it several times. It should dry slowly. Flannel *always* washed precisely in this manner will look white, and feel soft as long as it lasts, retaining a new appearance, and scarcely shrinking at all. But if *once* badly washed with scalding water, rubbed with brown soap and rinsed in cold water, it will never look well again.

To Wash a Book Muslin Dress.—Take some strong suds with white soap and water. Put in the dress, and wash it well; squeezing and pressing rather than rubbing it, as book muslin tears easily. Wash it through a second suds and then pass it through two rinsing waters, adding *a very little blue* to the last. Then open out the dress, and, while wet, run it through a thin starch, diluted with water either warm or cold. Stretch it out and hang it to dry. Afterwards sprinkle it, and roll it up in a clean white towel, letting it lie for half an hour or more. Then open it out, stretch it even, and clap it in the hands till it is clear all over. Have irons ready, and iron it carefully on the wrong side where practicable.

Permanent Sauces, Ketchup, &c.—These articles merely require to be kept in glass bottles well corked, with which precaution they will keep many years.

Effects of Love.—A despairing swain in a poetical address to his unappreciative fair one, thus rhapsodizes:—

How oft, amid night's "curtained sleep,"
I've scaled volcanic Etna's steep,
And from its crater snatched a rose,
To win thy kiss and end my woes.

The man who could perform such a feat certainly deserved to be rewarded.

Ancestor of the Plum-pudding.—William the Conqueror granted to his chief cook (as stated in "Domesday Book") a portion of land in the county of Surrey by the service of making one mess in an earthen pot in the kitchen of our lord the king on the anniversary of his coronation, Christmas Day. This favourite mess was called "De la Gronte," which de la Groute is the great and illustrious Norman ancestor of our national plum-pudding on Christmas Day.

Something Strange.—A gentleman more remarkable for the excellence of his appetite than for the brilliancy of his intellect, one morning remarked at the breakfast table, as he rubbed his forehead with a yawn—"I feel rather a singular sensation in my head to-day." "Perhaps, my dear," most demurely suggested his better-half, "there's an idea springing up in it!"

Rural Simplicity.—A young lady from the country recently came to town on a visit, and found herself at one of the crossings near Trafalgar-square. Frightened by the number, rapidity, and noise of vehicles that were passing, she stood hesitating, in great distress, when one of the gallant policemen politely stepped forward to escort her across. But no sooner had he touched her elbow than with a piercing shriek she sprang from under his hand, cleared the crossing at a bound, and exclaimed, in terrified accent, "Oh sir, it wasn't me! Indeed, indeed, I have been doing nothing."

Hibernian Simplicity.—Molly, a housemaid is a model one, who handles the broomstick like a sceptre, and who has an abhorrence of dirt and sympathy for soapsuds that amount to a passion. She is a buxom, bustling, busy, rose-cheeked, bright-eyed, blundering Hibernian, who hovers about our book-shelves, makes war upon our papers, and goes about thirsting for new worlds to conquer in the shape of undusted and unrighted corners. One day she entered our library in a confused and uncertain manner, quite different from her usual bustling way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and finger, which she held at arm's length, as if she held a bomb-shell in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she answered, "An' it please yer honour, Paddy O'Reilly, and the betther than him doesn't breathe in ould Ireland, has been writin' of me a letther—a love letther, plase your honour; an—an—" We guessed at her embarrassment, and offered to relieve it by reading the letter. Still she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of raw cotton in her fingers. "Sure," she resumed, "an' that's just what I want; but it isn't a gentleman like yerself that would be knowing the secrets between us; an' so"—here she twisted the cotton quite nervously—"if it'll only please yer honour, while yer readeing it, so that ye may not hear it yerself, if ye'll just put this bit of cotton in yer ear an' stop yer hearin', and thin the secrets will be unknown to ye."—*American Paper.*

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

The weather has been so variable as to render it a task beyond our power to give decisive directions to our fair readers; we pen a few notes, however, prefacing that they are perfectly conditional. Should a sharp frost set in, which is not unlikely, and it is as well to prepare for the worst, it will be wise to litter beds where tender roots or cuttings are planted. Hoops and mats are in common use now. When the latter are placed over a bed the mats should be so disposed as not to sink down bag-like and hold rain, which in such instances would drip through and cause damage. We consider mats far less desirable than waterproof calico or canvas.

Now is the time to procure good strong slips for rose budding. They should be planted in rows some three feet apart, and two feet from plant to plant. In planting roses choose a fine day, and do not let your ground be in a sodden condition. If clay or gravel, let it be deeply dug, or, better, trenched; taking out a deep top spit (to use the language of the spade), fork up the underlying subsoil, and, covering it with a layer of rich strong manure, bury this beneath the top spit of the next trench, and so on as far as the bed goes.

The Greenhouse.—The dark wet days and muggy atmosphere at this season are apt to cause mildew, and a foggy, disagreeable state of things in the greenhouse or conservatory, and indeed in all oval glass structures. It is most desirable for our gentle readers to avoid this if they can, not only for the prevention of damping among the plants, but also that the greenhouses may be comfortable, dry, and pleasant, instead of moist and disagreeable, at this most terribly dull season. This can only be carried out by judiciously giving a little fire-heat occasionally, not at night, but in the day, and giving air pretty freely at the same time, so as to prevent any noticeable alteration of the temperature of greenhouse or conservatory, which should be kept to 40 deg. or thereabouts. The houses containing grapes, which our fair readers may wish to preserve as long as possible, should have a good deal of air, and be prevented from getting too damp by an occasional application of fire-heat.

Auriculas, carnations, pinks, and other rich plants in pots should have ample protection in severe weather, but when the atmosphere is at all mild they should be exposed for two or three hours and well looked over and cleansed.

The camellia japonica is a very handsome greenhouse plant, and deserves especial attention just now; it is always, whether in bloom or out of bloom, a fine evergreen shrub, and the flowers are more brilliant and perfect than nine-tenths of our roses. It requires only greenhouse culture.

Edging.—For edging, sea pink is very good, but it soon gets deformed with blanks, unless taken up and replanted; whereas box, annually clipped in autumn, will serve for the half of a lifetime. London pride admits of paring, and will last for five years; coarse polyanthus or primrose does well beneath trees. Should the root of an old tree come in the way, it is easy to keep up the green line by planting periwinkle, which needs little soil, or ivy at some distance, and leading the runners past the tree, where they will take root all the way, and being clipped make a handsome appearance. The propensity of ivy to run up the tree is easily counteracted; but should it be indulged, few things are more beautiful, and the tree is then rather for ornament than for the value of its timber. Double daisy and cowslips may be used, and may be kept any length of time by occasionally lifting and parting of the roots. Hepatica, blue and red mingled, make a beautiful edging, and will last an age; but the most brilliant of all is dwarf gentian; it lasts long, but must have half a foot in breadth to secure plenty of its bright sky-blue flowers. The pansy or tri-coloured violet is also fine, but must be replanted every year. For any garden where the walk gets among high shrubs or trees, or where a sloping bank is of difficult keeping, there is nothing so fit for a low hedge as butcher's broom; it suffers no injury by drop or shade, and grows immoveably strong; and not agreeing with the shears, it is in such a place more suitable in the natural sluggishness of its growth.

ANSWERS TO GARDENING CORRESPONDENTS.

Rose Pink.—You must strike your cuttings in the house. Expose them to the air gradually.

Flora.—The nigella is a very handsome annual, and requires rich mould. In very close districts it will not succeed.

Kate Vernon.—Very showy, and last till October.

Alice S——d.—All the varieties of evening primrose are suited for town gardens. The common sorts are not very handsome.

Verbena.—The ordinary capsicum flowers in June. It is a beautiful and useful plant. One plant will supply sufficient capsicums for a family for twelve months.

Curd Milk Pudding.—Put into a basin three eggs, a little grated lemon peel, three ounces of currants, one pint of curds, and one pound of bread crumbs, boil in a cloth half an hour, turn out and serve.

Spotted Dick.—Put three-quarters of a pound of flour into a basin, half a pound of beef suet, half ditto of currants, two ounces of sugar, a little cinnamon, mix with two eggs and two gills of milk, boil in either mould or cloth for one hour and a half; serve with melted butter and a little sugar over.

Timely Caution.—An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak' gude care o' yourself when ye are awa'; for mind ye, they eat puppies in Chena!"

Benevolent Institutions.

Strangely suggestive might a walk through this great city be made. Those whose sole acquaintance of it has been gathered from an occasional visit; or, it may be, some six or seven hours' daily employment in its busy streets, can hardly understand the lights and shades which its inner life presents. To read the columns of the *Times* in the mellow light of a well-furnished drawing room, while the fire sparkles and glows on the well-kept hearth, is not the best way to understand the want and condition of the poor. Dickens, Hollingshead, Ritchie, Jerrold, Mayhew, Greenwood, and others have, it is true, partially raised the veil and introduced us to a strange heart-sickening world of sin and sorrow; but no pen can adequately describe the bitter woes that crush the spirits and life out of thousands upon thousands around our doors. Yet amidst all this wretchedness and guilt, many a noble heart may be found by him who seeks aright, striving to hide its poverty while grim want is preying on its vitals; and many a hand unremittingly plies its busy task in scenes of privation and difficulty, and still works, works, works, uncheered by any gleam of light, till disease comes, or maybe death, and the worn body falls and the restless heart is still. Then there is another family cast upon the world to strive and starve, or sink into what may be truly considered a moral death, the death of all that is noble in humanity—confirmed pauperism. When this stage is reached, help is not of much avail: up to this point, however, a little temporary assistance may be the means of starting the recipients once more safely on the road of an industrious and independent existence.

These thoughts have been suggested, on taking up, at this season of the year, the reports of some of the valuable institutions that public benevolence has raised and maintains from year to year in the metropolis and the suburbs. We have the record of the work of one of the most valuable of those before us in the report of the

HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

This institution is situate in Great Ormond-street, W.C. district, and has for its objects the medical and surgical treatment of poor children; the attainment and diffusion of knowledge regarding the diseases of children: and, lastly, the training of nurses for children. Her Majesty, the Queen, is patron, and the Committee of Management includes the names of many well-known public men, thus giving a sufficient guarantee that the funds of the charity are wisely dispensed. The hospital, which now receives 75 in-patients, is open daily for inspection between twelve and four o'clock, and the Committee invite all persons to visit it. When we further state that, during the 14 years that it has been open, 5,548 in-patients, and 123,609 out-patients have received the benefits of the hospital, we think we have said enough to commend it to the sympathy of our readers. The address of the able secretary, Mr. Samuel Whitford, is 4, Porter-street, Leicester-square.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

Such is the short, but suggestive title of a noble institution, designed for the permanent care and comfort of those who by disease, accident, or deformity, are hopelessly disqualified for the duties of life. The comprehensive report for the current year admirably elaborates this description, when it states that help is administered as it may seem to be needed; to some partial relief, to some total relief. To those who require it, a final home will be found, where every comfort may be enjoyed to mitigate affliction, and where the best medical skill and care may be had, with the hope of making disease something less than incurable, a home where suffering may be watched by skill, and soothed by sympathy; where the quiet of life and the beauties of nature may work medicinally; and where the consolations of "pure and undefiled religion" may shed their genial influences over diseases and distresses otherwise beyond a remedy, and all but intolerable.

We need only add that the hospital is situate at West-hill, Putney-heath; but the City office is at 10, Poultry, E.C., where the secretary, Mr. Frederick Andrew, attends daily, and will be happy to give the fullest information respecting the working of the institution.

"The poor ye have always with you." Such are the words of One who knew the import of His teaching, as He went about doing good; and, impressive at any time, do they not seem to fall upon our hearts with a deeper significance at a season when, by the bounty of Providence, we meet to enjoy the festivities of Old Christmas?

"Brawling in Church."—A case of "brawling in church" was before the Lambeth police magistrate on Saturday. Mrs. Ditch, the keeper of a boarding-school, with her servant and nephew, were charged with brawling in All Saints', Newington. For some months Mrs. Ditch and the children under her charge had been in the habit of occupying a certain pew in front of the pulpit. The incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, after informing Mrs. Ditch that the conduct of her scholars during service invariably distracted his attention from his duties, gave an order that they should be removed to a pew in one of the side aisles. When the Sunday arrived for the order to be put in force, the children and the servant who accompanied them, notwithstanding a remonstrance on the part of the servant, were placed in the side pew, but the service had hardly commenced when Mrs. Ditch entered the church, and made the children leave the side aisle in which they had been placed and go to their old pew. The magistrate fined the nephew and servant of Mrs. Ditch ten shillings each, and the lady herself fifty shillings.

Law and Police.

Judges Puzzled.—A very curious case has come before the tribunal of a town in Bavaria. Two citizens of Bourberg having quarrelled, one of them, at a loss, no doubt for reasons, and wishing to mortify his adversary, called him "Bismarck." His adversary brought a complaint before the Court for an outrage on his honour. The judges, it appears, were much embarrassed in pronouncing on the question; but in the end they rejected the plaintiff's demand and discharged the defendant, because it was impossible, they said, to decide whether the appellation "Bismarck" did or did not involve an insult falling under the notice of the Court.

Trial of Supposed Fenians.—The trial of a number of alleged Fenians, who were arrested in Liverpool in September last, has come off in the Crown Court, Liverpool. The names of the prisoners were—Michael O'Brien, 27, carpenter; Charles Campbell, 26, shoemaker; William Carey, 22, clerk; and Patrick Keeley, 28, labourer. The indictment stated that the prisoners were charged with having had in their possession, on the 21st of last September, in the borough of Liverpool, 47 rifles, bearing various Government and regimental marks, the whole being the property of Her Majesty the Queen. The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," in the case of all the prisoners.

Robbery by a Servant.—At Wandsworth, Emily Button was brought before Mr. Ingham for final examination on a charge of stealing a cash-box containing a £10 Bank of England note, £5 in gold, and other property, from the bedroom of her mistress, Mrs. Corbould, of North-road, Clapham-park. The prisoner first gave information leading her mistress to suppose that the house had been entered during the night through the coal-cellar flap; but when the police examined the premises, it was conclusively shown that the robbery had been committed by an inmate. The cash-box was subsequently found in the dustbin in the garden. It was broken open, and all the money had been taken out. The prisoner was remanded several times for the purpose of affording the police an opportunity of tracing the bank-note, but all the inquiries about it proved unsuccessful. The prisoner, through Mr. Wilson, who defended her, reserved her defence, and Mr. Ingham fully committed her for trial.

Conviction of Moses Moses.—Moses Moses, the receiver of stolen goods, upon whose premises in Houndsditch so much valuable property was recently found, has been tried at the Central Criminal Court. He was convicted in several cases of receiving stolen goods, and was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

A Poet in the Dock.—Michael Joseph Wade, 21, clerk, was indicted for burglary in the dwelling-house of Grace Fielding, of Todmorden, where she keeps a temperance hotel. While in the lock-up he wrote a number of verses, in which he set forth how the devil tempted him to commit the robbery, how chance gave him the opportunity, and how conscience at last prevented the completion of his guilty design. After his conviction, he handed a poetic appeal to Mr. Justice Lush, who read a portion of it to the jury. The prisoner, after making various piteous appeals for mercy, promised that if they were responded to, he would embalm both judge and jury in immortal verse. The judge complimented him on his talents, and sentenced him to twelve months' hard labour. Here is a sample of the poetic appeal:—

Before this Court, great judge, and thee
As sorrow's meanest slave,
In burning brain and heart of pain
A mighty boon I crave.

Oh! spare me yet a little while,
Blast not my youthful life
Within a dungeon dark and vile,
Amid the sons of strife.

Give me one chance to mend my ways—
One chance is all I ask,
And with a bosom full of praise
I'll set about the task.

I'll leave this land, this good old land,
And bid farewell to shame;
And on a far-off foreign strand,
I'll strike for honest fame.

I'll seek no more the ways of sin,
But every means employ,
A life of honest worth begin,
With energy and joy.

E'en like a slave of southern land,
I'll toil from day to day,—
From year to year, with willing hand,
And keep from crime away.

* * * *

Then spare, oh! spare this youthful frame,
Consign it not to grief;
Remember Jesus, in His shame,
Forgave the dying thief.

I have a young and tender wife;
Her soul is racked with care;
Poor victim of my wayward life,
Must she my sorrows share?

I have a gentle mother, too,
With heart of saintly mould:
Oh! let her not my fortune rue,
As she is weak and old.

For once let Justice hide her steel,
And Mercy take her place,
For none but Mercy's self can feel
For mortals in disgrace.

Brutal Murder in Sunderland.—A brutal and unprovoked murder has been perpetrated in the west-end of Bishopwearmouth, one of the districts of Sunderland. The murderer, a pitman, named Michael Gorman, working at Monkwearmouth Colliery, is aged 25 years, and a single man; and the victim is a brother Irishman, named James Quin, about 40 years of age. Quin was set upon at midnight last Saturday, and struck on the head with a brick. Death seems to have occurred almost instantaneously. The deceased has left a wife and three children—one of them a cripple.

Scalding a Wife.—At Guildhall, James Walker Watten, the old man who has been remanded from since the beginning of November, was again placed at the bar before Sir Robert Carden charged with wilfully and maliciously throwing a kettle of boiling water over his wife, with intent to do her some grievous bodily harm. The wife now asserted that it was an accident, but Sir R. Carden fully committed him for trial.

Murders in France.—An important trial for murder has just been concluded in France. It was that of a farmer named Martin Réau, on a triple charge of murder by poison, and it took place before the Court of Assizes of the Deux Sèvres (Niort). The persons whose death he caused were his first wife Marie Jeanne, his second Julie, and a son of the latter, Abel Réau. He is also suspected of having murdered his brother Pierre by similar means, but as Pierre died in 1853, and as by the law of France no one can be tried for murder after the lapse of ten years from the time the crime was committed, this last case was not gone into. After the examination of witnesses, the medical evidence in support of the charge was adduced. The chemical analysis of the remains disclosed, in each case, the presence in large quantities of a deadly poison, the perchloride of mercury, or corrosive sublimate, which had even saturated the earth surrounding the coffins. In each of the four deaths Réau had a pecuniary interest, as he inherited from his brother; his first wife had made a will in his favour; and his second had done so likewise to the extent of half her property, the remainder going to her son Abel, but in the case of his death reverting to the prisoner. By all these inheritances Réau had amassed a property of some £6,000. The evidence left no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, and the jury having returned a verdict of guilty with extenuating circumstances, he was sentenced to hard labour for life.

Crimes and Casualties.

Two cotton mills, one at Gregson-lane, near Preston, and the other at Stanningley,—have been destroyed by fire. In the former case the damage is estimated at 12,000*l.*, in the latter at 20,000*l.*

A Youthful Poisoner.—Matilda Somers, a domestic servant, 12 years of age, has been charged at the Taunton Assizes with attempting to poison her mistress, Mrs. Towils, at Carrington, on the 2nd inst. Mrs. Towils noticed that some beer had a peculiar taste, and charged the prisoner with having put something into it. She admitted that she had put some muriatic acid, which was on the premises, into the beer. She was sentenced to 12 months' hard labour.

A Schoolmaster in Difficulty.—An Irish schoolmaster, Dr. Percy Lindwart, has had 200*l.* damages and costs awarded against him by a Dublin jury for having beaten a boy named Somers Henry Payne, the son of a gentleman of property in the county of Cork, too severely, and with an attempt to degrade and humiliate him. It was alleged that the schoolmaster harboured an angry feeling against the boy for having stated that articles were stolen from him in the school, and it was proved that the flogging was administered after the master had received a letter from the boy's mother, announcing that he would be immediately taken from the school.

The Stamp-office Robbery at Manchester.—The Hon. Mr. Howard, distributor of stamps at Manchester, has recovered stamps forming part of the property stolen from his premises in May last, value 8,000*l.* It appears that these stamps, on the arrival of the thieves in London after the robbery, were left at one of the stations there in two carpet-bags, which have remained there ever since the robbery. It is said that the restitution has been made through a statement volunteered by the wife of one of the Douglasses, convicted at the recent Manchester Assizes.

An Adventure with Convicts.—A boat, with ten convicts, was sent from Toulon to Saint Maudrier a few days ago. Taking advantage of a favourable wind, they turned the craft from its course, and ran right before the breeze in the direction of the Hyères. The alarm was at once given, and detachments of gendarmes were sent both by land and water to intercept them. The boat was driven aground at Gien, and eight of the convicts were secured; the other two, more desperate and determined than the others, escaped into the woods. They had seized the arms of the boat's captain, and taken the clothes from the helmsman. By midnight they were tracked and surrounded; one, after wounding a gendarme, was killed by a pistol shot, and the other surrendered.

Effects of Reading Romances.—A boy twelve years of age, named Baze, at Whitechapel, has been shot by a companion under very painful circumstances. A lad named Bridgen, a year older than Baze, playfully presented a pistol at the latter, which, he says, he had loaded only with powder, and thought it was only at half-cock; however, it went off, and the discharge taking place close to the eye, killed him. At the inquest on Saturday, the Rev. Mr. Scott said that the occurrence arose through the boys playing at "Dick Turpin, the Dashing Highwayman," in consequence of reading the vile romance of that name, which he was sorry to say was being devoured by boys all over London. The boy Bridgen, he had since learnt, was going to have a play at Christmas of Dick Turpin. The jury found that the death was accidental.

General News.

Joseph Robertson, LL.D., is dead.

A serious accident, attended with loss of life, occurred to a train near the Aldersgate-street station of the Metropolitan Railway, on Wednesday afternoon. An immense iron-girder fell, and crushed a second-class carriage, killing one of the occupants on the spot, and dreadfully injuring others.

The Peter's pence offerings since September, 1859, amount to 53,000,000 f.

The Queen has given £200 towards the fund for the relief of the sufferers from the Barnsley accident.

At the Winchester Assizes, a Mormonite preacher, named Paul Harris, has been sentenced to a year's hard labour for bigamy.

The last accounts of Dr. Livingstone from Dr. Kirth, Vice-Consul at Zanzibar, speak of his progress towards the head of the Lake Nyassa.

The committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have arranged their exploring operations for next year. It is their determination to explore Jerusalem thoroughly.

The three principal railways brought into the city of New York during the last ten months upwards of 17,000,000 quarts of milk.

The apron worn by the grand master at the recent celebration by the Freemasons at Baltimore, was embroidered for General Washington, by the ladies of Lafayette's family.

Two hundred and twenty men are daily employed by Messrs. Hill and Keddell, the contractors, at the Holborn-valley works.

A very practical, pretty, and seasonable present for a lady is Bartlett's patent sewing-machine. It is cheap and efficient.

A communication from Hong Kong, dated Nov. 1, states that a piratical junk has been totally destroyed in Sooles Harbour by Her Majesty's gunboat Janus.

It may interest the English traveller to know that the line between Calais and Boulogne will be opened on the 7th of January, 1867.

Mrs. Stephens, wife of the Head-Centre, is residing at Dalkey, and may be seen shopping in Kingstown, quite unconcerned apparently at the fuss made about her husband.

A new game has been invented by the Empress of the French for the amusement of her guests.

It is stated that the Government has consented to propose in the coming session a vote of £20,000 for a museum of science and art for the east-end of London.

A Hint.—The municipality of Antwerp has ordered, on sanitary grounds, every house in the town to be painted inside and out at least once a year.

The Emperor of Austria has ordered all further judicial proceedings against General Benedek and other Generals in the service, for alleged incompetency in the late war, to be stopped.

The copyright of "Beeton's Dictionary of Every-Day Cookery" has just been sold or £350.

The last French soldier has now left Papal territory.

The proportion between the several religious sects in Prussia is now as follows:—Protestants, 65 per cent.; Catholics, 33 per cent.; and other sects, 2 per cent.

The supposed Fenian ship, the Bolivar, has been released.

The Cattle Show is over for this year, and its results have realized more than the most sanguine expectations, considering the drawbacks which have beset it. Upwards of 150,000 persons have paid for admission.

Admiral Tegethoff, the conqueror in the fight off Lissa between the Austrians and Italians, is now in London.

The rumoured outbreak of the Cattle Plague at Windsor, turns out to have been a mistake. Professor Simmonds says the disease though similar to the Rinderpest is not really it.

Four handsome drinking fountains are about to be placed in the streets of Bournemouth, in Hampshire.

Garibaldi has addressed a characteristic letter to the Italians, asking them to welcome heartily Lord John Russell, who is expected to visit Italy.

It is said that English speculators are buying up the milk on the Continent, reducing it by a drying process to powder, importing it to England, and mixing it with water for use.

Ford's Theatre at Washington, the building in which President Lincoln was assassinated, and which was purchased by the Government, is being rapidly filled with relics of the war.

The man who barely escaped lynching at New York as an English spy at a Fenian meeeing had suspicion aroused against him from the fact of his wearing round-toed shoes, which were declared to be intensely English.

There is not a word of truth in the story circulated on Saturday evening as to the capture of Stephens, the Fenian Head-Centre, at Reepham, near Norwich. The hoax has excited much amusement in the neighbourhood.

The celebrated preacher Père Hyacinthe, is at present giving a course of lectures at Notre Dame.

The Albert Press, for the employment of women, has published a number of illustrated sentences, commencing with the appropriate one of "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," which is embedded in rich coloured rosy berries and bright green ivy leaves, tastefully interwoven about the words, as though they quite coincide with the wish, and that that was their (the berries' and leaves') sentiment.

It is reported at Florence that Kossuth has persuaded the Italian authorities not to dissolve the Hungarian legion.

The Hotel du Louvre and the Grand Hotel have determined to raise their prices during the Exhibition 50 per cent., and to insist on people dining or paying for their dinner.

Bryant, the American poet, has recently arrived in this country on his way to the Continent. He is accompanied by Mr. Parke Godwin.

At last a steam-roller has been set to work in the parks. It is a cumbrous-looking machine, and is worked at night. One result of its working may be seen on the Kensington side of Hyde-park, where some newly-laid granite has been transformed into a smooth and compact mass.

A fearful collision has taken place off Liverpool between the steamer Queen and a vessel called the Hannibal. One man died on board the Queen from injuries received during the collision.

Mr. Jos. Dickens, of the Saracen's Head, near Holbeach, has just discovered a mouse's nest in his garden, in which a winter store of 1,329 filbert-nuts had been secreted by the industrious little animal. The nuts measured half a peck, and weighed 6lbs.

Births in Metropolitan Workhouses.—From a recent return, it appears that the total number of births in the 39 workhouses of the metropolis during the year 1865 was 2,728. The total number of women who died in child-birth in metropolitan workhouses during the same year was 16. The deaths occurred in 9 workhouses, leaving 30 in which no deaths occurred.

Another diamond has been found in Australia, in the district of Beechworth. It was discovered at Sebastopol Creek, at a depth of 250 feet, amidst small blue and white topazes, hyacinths, zircons, tourmaline, and tin sand. Its weight in the diamond scales exceeded a carat and one-eighth.

Foulkes' Cement.—This cement has obtained a reputation hitherto unequalled by any other similar preparation for repairing glass, china, earthenware, wood, ivory, leather, marble, cardboard, and inlaid work, papier-maché, fossils, jewellery, toys, for fastening the tops of billiard cues, &c. It is easy of application, has no unpleasant smell, and is transparent. Numerous testimonials have been sent voluntarily to the inventor and maker (W. J. Foulkes, Operative Chemist, Birkenhead), and these all speak highly of its value.

Singular Fact.—The *New York Tribune* reports a singular case. Mrs. M'Clure, a farmer's wife, living near Quincy, Illinois, apparently died, and next day was buried in the family vault, near the house. On the following day groans were heard in the vault by some children, the coffin was opened, and the woman found alive. She had injured herself in attempting to force open the coffin, but is recovering.

The Empress continues to wear brocaded dresses, and, consequently, to patronise Lyons manufactures to the utmost of her power. The Princess Metternich follows the Imperial example in this respect. A few days ago the latter lady wore at dinner a white Pompadour dress, with bouquets of variegated roses and small blue leaves brocaded on it.

A lady named Dimond, residing in her own house, in the fashionable part of Southampton, has given the house and its furniture to the committee of the Royal South Hants Infirmary, for the benefit of that institution, and has gone to reside in lodgings. The furniture has been sold by auction and fetched £500, and the house has been let for nearly £100 a year.

False Weights and Measures.—Seventy-one South London tradesmen were fined at a special session at Newington last week for having in their possession unjust weights, scales and measures. The black list comprised 17 licensed victuallers and beer retailers, 10 chandlers, 19 bakers, 11 butchers, 3 coal and potato dealers, 9 grocers and cheesemongers, 1 ham and beef-shop keeper, and 1 fishmonger. The fines inflicted amounted to £131 12s. 6d.

Examination for Girls.—The Cambridge examination for girls of the district of which Manchester is the centre, has been held. Thirty-eight girls offered themselves for examination on Monday, namely, twenty-five juniors and thirteen seniors, being an increase of six upon last year, when the examination was held in Manchester for the first time. The Rev. Canon Hay, of York, was the examiner; and besides him there were also present the Rev. St. Vincent Beechey, the hon. secretary; Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Murray Gladstone, representing the ladies' committee. The examination is conducted with the utmost privacy, which is maintained throughout, as the girls are known not by name but by numbers, and therefore only themselves are aware of their success or failure.

Mysterious Disappearance.—The Countess of Schomberg has mysteriously disappeared, and great anxiety is felt as to her fate. Two months back (says the *Sport*), she left Enghien, where she had passed the summer, and went to make various excursions in Upper Italy before reaching Naples. She set out one morning with some friends for a walk in the mountains, and when about half-way she was beset by such sorrowful presentiments that she took out her diamond earrings, which she always wore, and gave them to one of her companions to take care of, saying she was afraid of encountering robbers. A few steps farther on she separated a little from the party, and from that moment it was found impossible to discover the smallest trace of what had become of her. The belief is that she must have fallen over a precipice; but hitherto the most minute search has been made without result.

The Duchess of Malakoff.—The widowed Duchess of Malakoff has been staying at Compiègne on a visit to her Empress cousin. The following anecdote was related the other day of the circumstance which led to the marriage of the fair Spanish aristocrat and the soldier Pelissier. At one of the Court balls the Marshal happened to be standing near a flower-stand, and perceived Donna Valera, who had just gathered a rose. "Might I venture to hope, madam, that you would bestow that flower on me?" "No," was the somewhat discouraging reply; "but if it were a laurel branch I should do so." Encouraged by the gracious termination of the reply, the old hero of Sebastopol took a seat next to the fair cousin of his *gracieuse souveraine*, and commenced a siege which in three months ended in the capture of the lady's hand and heart.

The Ladies in Holland.—The women in many parts of Holland, writes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, appear just now to be possessed by a strange spirit of fanaticism. They profess to be apprehensive that the wickedness of the country is about to call down upon it terrible calamities. Stimulated by the preachers, the women are greatly distressed at the prevalence of Liberal opinions, which they identify with atheism and Antichrist; and many of them—even ladies of the highest rank—are being re-baptised (in an oddly primitive manner, it is said, and by no means consistent with modern notions of propriety) by way of purging themselves of the national sin.

A Magistrate in Court.—On Saturday Mr. R. J. Hopkins, a Berkshire magistrate, was fined £1 and costs at the petty sessions at Forbury, for annoying the Rev. Robert Finch, rector of Pangbourne, whilst that gentleman was engaged in Divine service in his church on the previous Sunday. The evidence showed that defendant sat in a pew near the lectern, and that whilst complainant read the prayers and preached the sermon he swayed backwards and forwards, and afterwards buried his face in his hands as if unable to control his laughter.

The Humourist.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said an American lawyer, "would you set a rat trap to catch a bear? Would you make fools of yourselves by endeavouring to spear a buffalo with a knitting needle? No, gentlemen, I am sure you would not. Then how can you be guilty of the gross absurdity of finding my client guilty of manslaughter for taking the life of a woman!"

Sure Sign of Weakness.—A cooper had his attention directed by a friend to a dashing looking stranger, who had a profusion of sparkling rings upon his finger. "Ah, Jack," said the artisan, "it is a sure sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

Hopping into Notice.—The celebrated Dr. Moncey related that the first of his family of any note was a baker and hop dealer, who, on an urgent demand for money, deprived his feather beds of their contents, supplying the deficiency with hops which were unsaleable owing to a glut in the mark-t. Some years afterwards, owing to a severe blight, hops became scarce and enormously dear, upon which the baker drew forth his hoarded treasure, and a good sum was procured for the hops, which in a plentiful season would have been rejected by the most careless of buyers, "and thus," the Dr. used to add, "our family *hopped* from obscurity."

Artemus Ward says that to talk about a person having the power to weep on all occasions, is the height of moonshine. "I'd like to see a man undertake to cry, with a pretty girl beside him—a pocket full of cash—no corns on his toes—and plenty of iced champagne within his reach. If any living man can do it at such a time, he had better make a profession of it, and go about crying at the taverns and market-places at sixpence a cry."

Falls of Niagara.—A Yankee standing on the Table Rock, gazing down the mighty cataract, became all at once poetically inspired—at least he thought so—and exclaimed:—

My thoughts are strange, magnificent, and deep,
As I look down on thee,
Oh, what a glorious place for washing sheep,
Niagara would be!

When does a lady drink in music?—When she has a Pianoforte (Piano-for-tea).

Why is a nervous lady like a policeman?—Because her mind is filled with apprehensions.

When is a luggage-train like a forest?—When it is full of trunks.

What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover?—The one kisses his missus, the other misses his kisses.

Why are laundresses great navigators?—They cross the Line, and go from Pole to Pole.

What moral lesson does a weathercock teach us—It is *vane* to a-spire.

How will a dish of herbs make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise? He will gain health from the Balm, wealth from the Mint, wisdom from the Sage, with plenty of Thyme (time) at his own disposal.

The other day a teacher at a lady's school while putting a company of juveniles of the gentler sex through the spelling, came to the word "lad," of which, in accordance with the modern method, she asked the signification. One little puss, on the question being put, with a sidelong look unblushingly answered, "For courtin' wi'."

A Matimonial Hobble.—the *Burlington* (Iowa) *Hawkeye* tells of a lady in that vicinity, who, by marriage, has got herself into the following distressing situation in regard to her own family:—She is sister-in-law to her father, aunt to her brothers, sister to her uncle, daughter to her grandfather, and great-aunt to her own children.

A Promising Youth.—"Well, Mr Richard, how does my son get along with his grammar lesson?" "He surpasses any pupil that ever I had." "In what does he chiefly excel, sir?" "In stupidity, sir."

"Mr. S., is your customer B. a man to be trusted?"—"I know, of no one more so. He is to be trusted for ever,—he never pays."

Couldn't Take the Hint.—"Did you take that note, and did you see Mr. M. Jack?" "Ees, sur." "And how was he?" "Why he looked purty well, but he's wery blind." "Blind! what do you mean?" "Why, while I were in the room he ax'd me where my hat wor, and it were on my head all the time."

Fair and Witty.—A gentleman lately complimented a lady upon her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady, "Not so," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are as plump as a partridge." "There now," said the lady, "I thought at first you were guilty of flattery, but I see you are only making *game* of me."

FROM "PUNCH'S ALMANACK"

In the Divorce Court.—The man who was tied to time, is now bent on separation.

New Christian Name for Our Girls.—Chignonette.

Window Gardening (for Young Ladies).—Don't plant yourself at the window in curl-papers.—By useful choice of situation and attention to aspect, young ladies may, by means of window gardening, successfully cultivate every variety of the *sheep's eye (ovis oculus ardens)*, and convert *coxcombs* from the *single* to the double *variety* with great success, by the same agreeable pastime.

Fares by Distance.—Most actresses, not a few belles of the season, and all Madame Rachel's customers, may be noted as examples of "Fairs by distance."

Advice to an Oldish Batchelor.—Repent at leisure, and then marry in haste.

GAMES FOR ALL TIMES OF THE YEAR.

1. How to Tell a Number.—Get a number, any number, and tell it. Very simple.

2. How to Discover what Number Somebody Else has Chosen.—Ask any one to choose a number. Add 11,867 to it. Treble it. Take 2,220,678,910 from it. Request him to tell you the number he thought of in a whisper. If he won't, don't play any more.

3. This is also a pretty game. Tie a ribbon to the poker and pretend to be Queen Elizabeth. This keeps up a knowledge of history. Then go on pretending to be anyone else, until everyone's tired of you.

4. Blind Hoookey—Fasten a handkerchief round any one's eyes, then let anyone take fishing rods, and try to hook him. If he guesses who has hooked him, he's out. This may go on for hours.

PUNCH'S PROVERBS.

Matrimony.—Better never than late.—Throw out tubs to catch a shower.—Two eyes of a potato are no better than one.—What is sauce for cod is not sauce for salmon.—The red lamp of the doctor's shop is a danger signal.

SOMEBODY'S SAYINGS.

The course of true love is a race-course wher is often a false start.

Alas! how fleeting are the charms of Natur when unhelped by Art! Who would long prize beauty, if it were not for soap?

Cupid shoots with a rifle now, and not with bows and arrows. Else how is it that girls can hear the popping of the question?

A Chip of the Old Block.—Our butcher's daughter, who is an excellent pianist, prefers to all other music that of—Chopin.

Motto for a Servants' Hall.—"Learn to labour, and to wait."

A LADLE OF "PUNCH."

A SISTER'S PENANCE.

(As performed in a brotherly way, if not at the Adelphi.)

Britannia having to put the strait-waistcoat on Hibernia; though to judge by the arrests, the part of *Mys-tery* is not quite so well kept up in Dublin as that of *Miss Terry* in London.

WHAT A FIB!

Julia: "'Gusta, dear, do see the love of a boquet Captain Dash gave me!"

'Gusta (who is a little jealous): "Yes, dear, it's very pretty. He offered it to me before you came down."

Hint to Whist-players.—If you can, secure a teetotaller for your partner; naturally he will not bottle-up his trumps.

The Wax-Chandler's Paradise.—Wicklow County.

A LITTLE "FUN" FOR THE LADIES.

A CONSCIENTIOUS IMPERSONATION.

Lady Manager: "But, my dear Laura, Joan of Arc never wore a chignon!"

Joan of Arc: "Well, but if I take it off, George will think me such an impostor!"

THE BAD HUSBAND.

"Mugby Junction! Mugby Junction!"
Thus I heard a wife bewail,
"Had your writer no compunction
When he wrote your moving tale!"

"Home he came, my lord and master—
Never word he spoke to me,
As beneath some dread disaster
Silent sat he o'er his tea,
Reading you with greatest unction,
Mugby Junction! Mugby Junction!"

The Age which all Girls Desire to Atta—Marri-age.

Evening Amusements.

(The Editor will be happy to receive Solutions from Correspondents.)

CHARADES.

I.

I met a person in the Strand,
Who held a flower in his hand,
The name of which I shall not state
At present, nor expatiate
Upon its colour, shape, or size,
In case my readers should surmise
The one I mean, and solve with ease
The answer which is meant to please.

At all events, it was my *first*,
Which had but just began to burst,—
The bud, I mean, for 'twas no more,
Although the same I'd seen before.

My *second* at the moment passed,
And with a smile politely asked
The stranger if he would be kind
Enough to give—but never mind.

The words she'd scarcely uttered, when
A boy approached two gentlemen,
And offered them, my *whole*, which they
Gave twopence for, and went away.

However, lest you should not guess
The answer, I'll at once confess,
It was an herb of much repute,
In fact, an emblematic root.

II.

The sons and the daughters of Fashion aspire
To the tip of my changeable *first*;
My *second*, the harbour of filth and of mire,
Will be apt to excite your disgust.
The best set of features, deprived of my *whole*,
Have lost all their power to attract;
You may take them away to the Line or the Pole,
I never should wish for them back.

III.

My *first* is the lot that is destined by Fate
For my *second* to meet with in every state;
My *whole* is by many philosophers reckoned
To bring very often my *first* to my *second*.

ENIGMAS.

I.

It's a wonder you ask for,—yet who would suppose
That the more you take from it the larger it grows?

II.

Something I am, but what I scarcely know,
Which all have felt, but no one ever saw;
Shape I have not, nor face nor colour wear,
Although perceived by touch, by eye, by ear:
Sweet is my birth—but ah! how short my stay!
I scarcely live, then vanish quite away.
Some say they hate me, but I know they lie;
All know they love me, though they know not why.

III.

Fifty, nothing, and five, with the head of an eel,
Will show, when united, what angels all feel;
What the wealthy old knight should give to the poor,
And the large-landed lord to his humble boor.

IV.

Misery, me, and my wife.

ACROSTICS.

I.

A Briton's support.
1. His Wig,
2. His Grandmother,
3. His Comfort,
4. His Countrywomen.

II.

Two rival ladies; crown'd the elder stands;
The younger vainly begs for mercy at her hands.

1. Round the festive board, 'midst mirth and fun,
   The goblet's rais'd, and my first is done.
   A maid with golden hair goes by
   And with her a wild beast harmlessly.
   A patriarch old, tho' holy styl'd,
   Yet spar'd the rod and spoil'd the child.
   What Alpine climbing soon will do,
   If bent on risk you join the crew.
5. Oh! would each friend I love were this,
   To crown my days with hours of bliss.
6. Yet incomplete, a chrysalis, a lie,
   To burst into perfection by and by.
7. We find in Scotia topazes and pearls,
   But bonnier gems I hold her mountain girls.
8. A Queen's name in the days of Saxon rule,
   And common now in each young lady's school.
9. Leading the present tense, the verb to be,
   Has placed my little name conspicuously.
10. A tiny word, that sometimes said in time,
    Would folly check, or stop the hand of crime.
11. A fairy, whom an English poet sung,
    And round whom wreaths of melody are hung.
12. You have me in a wedding ring. Of old
    King Arthur set me 'mongst his heroes bold.

CLIFTON CLERKE.

Solutions of these which appeared in our last.

CHARADES.

I.

'Twere well if at *Court* was more frequently seen,
The pride of her subjects, our well beloved Queen.
No longer of tempests, and dangers the sport,
May each *Ship* safely ride in her bravely won port.
Unite *Court* and *Ship*, and you'll find beyond doubt,
What no happy marriage can take place without.

BESSIE.

II. HOUSEWIFE.

ENIGMAS.

I. SIGH.

II.

He stands for a man, nor will you much err,
If by adding an R you've a woman, that's *her*.
If next to the R you place very near O,
Your *he* and your *her* will produce a *Hero*.
Take the head from a glass of good old port wine,
What remains, will make, surely, your whole *Heroine*.

III.

The letters that make up *A Negro*, dy'e see—
Transposed, will spell *Orange* as plain as can be.

BESSIE.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.—Mary Stuart and Bessie, correct. The following nearly—Nellie, A Young Mother, Georgiana, and Kate. Louisa and Matilda Smith are wrong.

LOVE LETTERS.

IF the Civil Service Commissioners (says a contemporary) wished thoroughly to test the literary power of any candidate who was at their mercy, they could not subject him to a more searching ordeal than by setting him down to write a model love-letter. The species of composition is one with which most men, in the course of a long and chequered career, become familiar. If they have not got to write love-letters of their own, the chances of life or of a profession bring them generally into contact with the love-letters of other people; and general experience agrees in this, that there is no branch of literature so universally cultivated to so very little purpose or use. Love-letters ought, on theory, to be full of genius. They contain, or are supposed to contain, the young gushings of nature, and of the heart. And it is very much in favour of the writers that they write in moments of considerable exaltation, and mean what they write to be seen only by one pair of liquid eyes. At such a task one would think only a very stupid man could fail; but, on the contrary, one finds that very few men succeed.

The love-letters of tradesmen and half-educated people, whenever they turn up in the papers, are always full of little commonplaces which the writers appear to consider appropriate to the situation. They never seem able quite to make up their mind whether it is the correct thing to call the beloved object thou or you; and the second person singular, and the second person plural, keep blundering up against one another in a manner that must be heartrending to any young tradesman's mistress who is anything of a grammarian. There is something about the correspondence of lovers who belong to this class of life that reminds the reader of a valentine. It is the correct thing, apparently among them to engage in a periodical correspondence, and the British tradesman does it without a murmur; but his share in it generally consists of assurances that when he got back to his shop, after leaving the lady of his affections, he could not sleep a wink, but that even in the dark watches of the night he is "thine, fondly thine." The young milliner to whom it is addressed is far better pleased that these little common forms should not be left out. Love-letters, like a trousseau, a wedding breakfast, and a trip to Gravesend, are the proper incidents of courtship and marriage. Other young milliners have had them, and it would be a painful thing to think they were to be omitted. The happy tradesman is bound to gratify so harmless a sentiment of feminine dignity; and flourishes away with his thee's and his thou's in order to keep pace with his and his fair mistress's conceptions of what a love-letter ordinarily is, and what it is designed to be.

The love-letters of educated people are doubtless less grotesque; but educated people have their own common forms, which to cold and rational observers would appear possibly little less ridiculous in the long run. The poetry of the times has a good deal to say to the love-letter of the period. Girls who are tolerably well read know by heart all the routine of love-making long before they ever come to be seriously in love. . . . . The first thing that a woman likes when she is being courted is to be called something like what amateur musicans are always calling one another in duets. She is quite willing to be a bee, or a bird, or a lily; but it is *de rigeur* that she should be either in the ornithological or the botanical line. It is all very well if the lover happens to have been a little in the duet way too. He can in this case understand the feeling, and nerve himself without much difficulty to respond to it. But if he is entirely ignorant about birds and botany, his task becomes more serious. He has the humiliation of being obliged to confine himself entirely to calling his future wife an angel or a goddess, according as he is most addicted to classical or to Christian mythology; while the mortifying thought cannot fail to strike him that both appellations are a little elevated and a little trite. If it were not, indeed, for the penny-post, writing love-letters might not be so exhausting to the intellect. In old times a gentleman could only indite epistles of the kind once a week or once a fortnight, and had plenty of leisure to get up his literary steam and to select his illustrations. If at the moment it did not occur to him what sort of plant he wished to call his fair correspondent, he had at least seven days to think about it and consult his dictionary. The penny post has altered all this, and a lover's imagination now has to undergo frequent and diurnal drains which it really is quite unfitted to support. Courtship has become a literary crisis in life. Men must write as long as women will read, and it is on this account that the art of love-letter writing deserves to be seriously taught and seriously recognised, even by so prosy and sedate a tribunal as the Civil Service Commissioners. It is a sad thing to think how many *attaches*, Indian civil servants, and clerks in Government offices, are totally ignorant of the proper rudiments of a training which is sure to become necessary to them in the daily routine of their profession.

OFF BEFORE THE HAY SEASON.—A Yorkshire lad, who had lately gone into service, having had salad served up to dinner every day for a week, ran away, and when asked why he had left his place replied, "They made me yeat grass i'th the summer and I wur afeard they'd make me yeat hay i'th winter—and I couldn't stand that, so I wur off."

AN ANCIENT INFANT.—Tom Hood one day stepped out of a shower into the shop of a comb-maker named Drumond, who was nearly 90 years old, but being still hale and strong, the old gentleman was working hard at his combs. After looking on for a few minutes, the wit exclaimed in a soft and anxious voice, "I am sorry to see you in such pain, Mr. Drummond." "Pain," said the old gentleman, "I'm in no pain—never was better in my life." "I rejoice to hear you say so," returned his tormenter, "but it appears to me that it must be painful for men of your time of life to be *cutting their teeth!*"

CHARGING A JURY.—If the jury believe, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant and gave his note for the interest, and the defendant paid for the note by delivering to plaintiff a cow which he warranted "not breachy," and the warrant was broken by reason of the breachiness of the cow, and he drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or poke upon her, to prevent her from jumping the fence, by reason of the yoke or poke broke her neck, and died; and if the jury further believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery line was worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worth less, and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or beef, then the jury must find out themselves how they will decide the case; for the Court, if it understands itself, and it thinks it does, don't know how such a case should be decided.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

FROM the report of the Registrar-General, we learn that in the week that ended on Saturday, December 15, the births registered in London, and 12 other large towns of the United Kingdom were 4,379; the deaths registered, 3,028. The annual rate of mortality was 26 per 1,000 persons living.

In London the births of 1,029 boys and 1,045 girls, in all 2,074 children, were registered in the week. In the corresponding weeks of 10 years (1856-65) the average number, corrected for increase of population, 2,084.

The deaths registered in London during the week were 1,389. It was the 50th week of the year, and the average number of deaths for that week is, with a correction for increase of population, 1,469. The deaths in the present return are less by 80 than the estimated number.

The annual rate of mortality last week was 24 per 1,000 in London, 33 in Edinburgh, and 26 in Dublin; 20 in Bristol, 21 in Birmingham, 32 in Liverpool, 28 in Manchester, 27 in Salford, 29 in Sheffield, 24 in Leeds, 19 in Hull, 41 in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and 31 in Glasgow. The rate in Vienna was 28 per 1,000 during the week ending the 1st. inst., when the temperature was 2·9 deg. Fahrenheit lower than in the same week in London, where the rate was 25 per 1,000.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[**** These announcements are inserted at the uniform charge of 2s. 6d.*]

BIRTHS.

SONS.

On the 14th inst., at 6, The Grove, Highgate, the wife of EDWARD FRY, of Lincoln's-inn, of a son.

On the 14th inst., at 12, Claughton Range, Birkenhead, the wife of CHARLES J. C. HENRY, Esq., of a son.

On the 8th inst., at 2, Titchfield Villas, Regent's-park, Mrs. JOHN HILLS, of a son.

On the 12th inst., at Allertree Parsonage, near Derby, the wife of the Rev. M. K. S. FIFTH, of a son.

On the 15th inst., at the Rectory, Wheathampstead, the wife of the Rev. OWEN W. DAVYS, of a son.

DAUGHTERS.

On the 15th inst., at No. 7, Carlton-terrace, Edinburgh, the wife of GEORGE BLANSHARD, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 13th inst., at 39, Priory-road, Kilburn, the wife of HENRY FIRMIN, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 8th inst., at Shrivenham Vicarage, Berks, the wife of the Rev. G. W. MURRAY, of a daughter.

On the 11th inst., at Latheronwheel, Caithness, the wife of Major STOCKS, of a daughter.

On the 13th inst., at Mead-vale, Reigate, the wife of Mr. H. R. FENTON, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst., at the parish church, East Garston, WILLIAM PALMER, of Letcomb Bowers, Wantage, youngest son of the late John William Palmer, of Letcomb Regis, Esq., to MARTHA, second daughter of WILLIAM HENRY PALMER, Esq., East Garston, Berks.

On the 15th inst., at St. Barnabas Church, South Kennington, Mr. WM. HALL, of Stoke Newington, to SARAH ANNA, only daughter of Mr. JAMES ATKINSON, of Clapham, S. No cards.

On the 15th inst., at St. James's, Piccadilly, CHARLES JAMES NORTHCOTE, Esq., of Stanstead Lodge, Lewisham, to ISABELLA, second daughter of BENJAMIN BROOKS, Esq., of Jermyn-street, St. James's. No cards.

On the 15th inst., at Holy Trinity Church, Kentish-town, by the Rev. Chas. Hume, THOMAS G. WAINWRIGHT, of Westminster-bridge-road, to CAROLINE, daughter of the late GEORGE BROCKLY, of Fitzroy-square.

DEATHS.

On the 15th inst., at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, Mary Ann, widow of W. S. Benthall, Esq., aged 86.

On the 15th inst., SOPHIA SUSANNAH, the wife of Mr. JOHN CASTLE, of Olives Farm, Hunsdon, Herts, late of Barkway, in her 55th year.

On the 14th inst., at Shottesbrook Park, Berks, MARY JANE, relict of WILLIAM JOHN DENNE, Esq., aged 76.

On the 16th inst., at Frog-grove, near Guildford, KATHERINE ELIZABETH, the wife of Mr. CHARLES J. FURNIVAL, in her 39th year.

On the 15th inst., at The Secretaries, HARRIET, wife of JOHN GARRAD, Esq., Bures, Colchester.

On the 14th inst., ELEANOR, the wife of ARTHUR HILL, Esq., surgeon, of 58, Cumberland-street, South Belgravia, aged 43.

On the 15th inst., at 23, Lowndes-square, PHŒBE, widow of Mr. JOSEPH LOCKE, M.P. and C.E.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

(ALL LETTERS TO BE PREPAID.)

A GERMAN PROTESTANT LADY, who has resided several years with families of distinction, wishes for a RE-ENGAGEMENT. Her acquirements are German, French, music, and all the branches of a sound English education.—Address, C. D., Mr. Brook's, 22, New-street, Dorset-square.

A LADY, disengaged after the 25th, desires a RE-ENGAGEMENT as MUSICAL GOVERNESS, Companion, or Housekeeper. Speaks French fluently. High references.—M. M., Lovegrove and Flint's, Stationers, 9, Halkin-street West.—Temporary engagement not objected to.

A YOUNG LADY desires an ENGAGEMENT as RESIDENT NURSERY GOVERNESS to children under 10. She instructs in thorough English, music, and drawing, with the rudiments of French and German; also plain and fancy needlework. Good references. Address, W. A., 21, Vincent-square, London, S.W.

A YOUNG LADY, who can be highly recommended, wishes to obtain a SITUATION as NURSERY GOVERNESS. She would undertake the entire education of two or three young children, and would have no objection to attend to their wardrobes if required. Salary not so much an object as a comfortable home.—A. B., Arundel-gardens, Kensington-park, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

[**** Notices forwarded to the Office under the following head are inserted if accompanied by 12 postage stamps.*]

LADY'S-MAID (thorough) in a nobleman's or gentleman's family. Understands dress-making and hairdressing. Personal character in town.—W. G., Oliver's, hairdresser, 7, Edwards-street, Portman-square.

LADY'S-MAID. Scotch, age 22. 18 months good references as dressmaker and hairdresser.—M. M., 55, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

YOUNG LADIES'-MAID, or to take charge of one or two children out of arms. Two years and nine months' character. Age 20.—J. E., Thirlestane Hall, Cheltenham.

PARLOURMAID in a gentleman's family, where a housemaid is kept.—H. S., 10, Conduit-street, Westbourne-terrace, W.

COOK (thorough good) in a gentleman's family, where a kitchenmaid is kept. Understands her business in all its branches. Good character. T. S., 43, Bell-street, Edgware-road.

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HOUSEMAID (Upper) in a nobleman's or gentleman's family, where two or three are kept. Understands her duties. Good character.—K. L., 156, Edgware-road.

HOUSEMAID in a gentleman's small family. Age 20. Good reference.—A. S., Sabine's, stationer, South Norwood.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

UPPER HOUSEMAID (for the country) WANTED.—Apply, between 10 and 12 o'clock, at 2, Chester-place, Chester-square, Belgravia.

A HOUSE and PARLOURMAID WANTED, in a small private family. A good personal character required. Good wages given. Apply, at 3, Mecklenburgh-street, near the Foundling, W.C.

A Thorough SERVANT WANTED, who can cook. No other kept. Liberal wages. Situation six miles from town.—Apply for address to Mrs. Wallis, London-bridge Tavern, (Surrey side of the bridge.)

GOOD PLAIN COOK WANTED, in a small family near London, age about 40. Personal character of at least two years required. Also a Housemaid, age from 25 to 30.—Apply, by letter only, E. P., care of Messrs. Payne, 61, St. James's-street, S.W.

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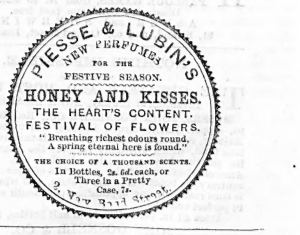

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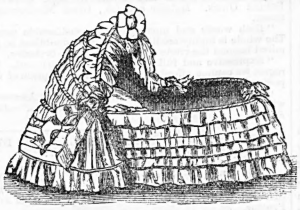

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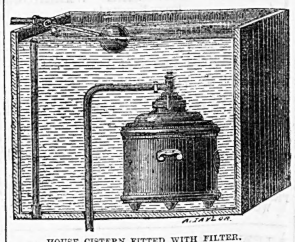

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